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EDITED BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

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Arranged by Mrs. J. E. Bacon

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At The Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1, at 2-30 p.m., on the first Saturday in each month:—

Oct. 6—"Lesser Known Byways in Dickens." Percy Merriman. Chairman: J. H. McNulty.

Nov. 3—"Uncommercial and Commercial." C. H. Redman. Chairman: Mrs. J. E. Bacon.

Dec. 1—"Some Dickens Characters who will be IN TOWN TONIGHT." Arranged by J. H. Greaves.

SPECIAL NOTICE . . .

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The Bedford address is no longer in use.

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THE DICKENS HOUSE

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE TWO YEARS ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1944.

EXPENDITURE.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To General Expenses—		
Stationery and Postages	13 18 8	
Petty Cash and Sundry Expenses	8 15 7	
	22 14 3	
,, Office Expenses at Bedford	52 0 0	
,, General and Water Rates	28 12 3	
,, Insurance	27 4 4	
	130 10 10	
Less Contribution from The Dickens Fellowship	30 0 0	
		100 10 10
,, War Damage Act—		
Premiums paid under Part II		12 0 0
,, Interest—Mortgage	60 0 0	
Loan	20 0 0	
		80 0 0
,, Surveyors Fees re bomb damage		3 3 0
,, General Repairs—Building		1 15 0
,, Maintenance—Furniture		1 10 0
,, Honorarium and Income Tax thereon		68 18 0
,, Depreciation of Furniture and Fittings		24 2 6
,, Stock of Pictures, Postcards, China, etc.—		
Amount written off		9 0 10
,, Excess of Income over Expenditure carried to Balance Sheet		128 8 10
		£429 9 0

INCOME.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Annual Subscriptions—		
Friends of Dickens House		223 4 11
,, Rents—		
No. 49 Doughty Street	26 10 4	
The Dickensian	70 0 0	
The Dickens Fellowship	100 0 0	
	196 10 4	
Less Commission on letting No. 49 Doughty Street	29 6 0	
		167 4 4
,, Interest—		
On £188 5s. 9d. 2½% Consolidated Stock (Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift)	9 8 0	
On Post Office Savings Bank Deposit	29 11 9	
		38 19 9
		£429 9 0

1836 . . . the dawn of an epoch. The Hanoverian Period, with its background of plot and intrigue, was drawing to a close; in London a girl who was to be Queen and Empress was still close-guarded at Kensington Palace. But the railway, herald of the industrial revolution, had already arrived and, in 1836, the Westminster Bank was founded to provide the banking service which the new era required and from that date onwards the Bank has continued to serve the needs of both industry and the individual.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

Staple Inn, the courtyards of which were practically destroyed by a flying bomb in August 1944

Photograph by Wm. A. Clark, F.R.P.S.

THE DICKENSIAN

AUTUMN NUMBER

VOL. XLI. 1st SEPTEMBER, 1945 No. 276

WHEN FOUND—

What is Peace? Is it War? No. Is it Strife? No. Is it lovely, and gentle, and beautiful, and pleasant, and serene, and joyful? Oh yes! Therefore, my friends, I wish for Peace, upon you and upon yours.—*Bleak House*.

June 9th. On the seventy-fifth anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens, the Dickens Fellowship laid its customary tribute on the novelist's grave in Westminster Abbey. The party was led by Councillor Mrs. Newcombe, Hon. Secretary of the St. Pancras Branch. Canon Adam Fox, with whom was Canon Marriott, received the party, and said it gave him pleasure to be present because it was good for people to find a bond in paying tribute to a great man. This the Dickens Fellowship had done, and its work had a wide influence. That Dickens was a great writer was universally admitted, but, it was not so universally recognised that he had done much in helping forward social reform. Dickens lived in what could be described as a tough time; men were proud of their independence, and having achieved success themselves, seemed indifferent to others who were less fortunate. Dickens saw the injustice of this, and portrayed the disastrous results which followed. Happily this was not now the case, and for what Dickens did to call attention to the evil they must be profoundly thankful. On the same day a commemorative service was held in Rochester Cathedral, at which the Dean, the Very Rev. T. Crick, gave the address. It is also reported that this noteworthy anniversary was widely commemorated throughout the Soviet Union.

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Devonshire Terrace. The house at No. 1 Devonshire Terrace to which Dickens moved on leaving 48 Doughty Street in 1839 and where he wrote so many of his novels, is announced for demolition and site development. No one regrets its passing more than the Dickens Fellowship which has been reproached from several quarters for not attempting its preservation. Alas, charity begins at home. We have the urgently needed Endowment Fund of the Dickens House to establish before we can think, like Alexander the Great, of new worlds to conquer. If this birthplace of David Copperfield and many another masterpiece falls to the pick, the Dickens House will be the only surviving London home of the novelist. The local press states that the St. Marylebone Borough Council has decided not to recommend the London County Council to take steps for the preservation of the house which it would be empowered to do under the Town and Country Planning Acts.

* * * * *

Two Cities: 1.—London Many of the London localities dear to the heart of Dickens lovers have, during the war, been destroyed or damaged, and for record purposes Lieut.-Colonel W. M. H. Spiller has compiled what is hoped is a complete catalogue of the sites affected. The results of his painstaking explorations will, as already announced, be published in our columns, beginning it is hoped in the next number. The original manuscript has been deposited in the Dickens House for preservation and reference.

Two Cities: 2.—Paris. The topographical article on Paris that appears in this number written by two contributors who conceal their identity in an anagram is based largely on material collected in the course of many visits to the French capital by Lieut.-Colonel Spiller. His manuscript, which contains much information not used in the article—its title is "Paris and *A Tale of Two Cities*"—has been generously presented by its author to the Dickens House, where it is accessible to all members. We are indebted to Mr. T. S. Lascelles, Manager of the Sykes Signal Co., Ltd., for the accompanying map, which was prepared and drawn in his map-room by Mr. C. W. Richardson.

* * * * *

Phiz and Others. In the spring of this year our contemporary "The Times Literary Supplement" published a letter castigating "those hideous drawings by Phiz or Cruikshank" and suggesting "a pleasing reform in the post-war world if Dickens were to be granted that immunity from illustrations which is the happier lot of modern writers." This gave rise to a lively controversy; we felt that the originator of the discussion might have more to say on the subject than appeared in his short letter, and therefore asked him if he would like to develop his theme more fully in our columns. His article appears on another page, and we hope to publish some comment upon it in our next number.

* * * * *

Mr. Bransby Williams. Conference saw Mr. Williams amongst us once again and delighted we were to welcome him. It is difficult to believe that it is fifty years since he commenced his Dickensian character studies on the vaudeville stage, the story of which he is telling in a new book which we shall have a chance to welcome in due course.

* * * * *

Mr. William Miller. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller will be delighted to learn that they have returned to England from Boston, Mass., where they have been living since 1940. The Branch there was loth to part with them—a rousing send-off was accorded them, and Mr. Miller has been elected a Honorary Life member. Delegates at Conference were delighted at the opportunity of greeting him. His knowledge will now again be at our disposal as it was for so many years and we rejoice to learn that his "Bibliography of Dickens" on which he has laboured so long, is to be published by the Harvard University Press.

* * * * *

The Parker House, Boston, Mass. Certain changes are contemplated at the historic hotel where Dickens lived during the larger part of his stay in 1867 and '68. Fortunately, the management of that famous hostelry is proud of Dickens's association with the Parker House. The fireplace and mantel, as well as the beautiful large mirror, were taken from the rooms that Dickens occupied in the old hotel and built into the new Parker House; a room that has since been known as the "Dickens Room," and a place where the Boston Branch of the Dickens Fellowship have hung many of their valued pictures and treasures, and where they have gathered for Council Meetings and other small functions. This room has become widely known and is proudly shown to tourists as a memorial to the great author who was so admired and honoured on his two visits to Boston. It is now proposed to move this room and its treasures to a point nearer the site of the original room where Dickens lived. The old marble fireplace will be rebuilt into the corner, and, if possible, a niche will be constructed above the mantel to hold the famous Dexter

Bust, made of young Dickens when he was here in 1842. The large mirror will be placed on the wall corresponding to the position it occupied upstairs in 1867, and all of the various pictures, reproductions of manuscripts and other treasures will be transferred to desirable places on the walls, augmented by coloured prints and posters from the Stone Collection. The long oval mahogany table at which Dickens gave the Walking Match Dinner in 1868 will, of course, have a prominent place in the new room; and there is a possibility that a glass case may be installed so that some of the priceless Dickens letters belonging to the Branch may be safely exhibited, so that the public may see how Bostonians of a bygone day adored Charles Dickens, and may realise with what reason he was impelled to write his friend, the English actor, Macready—"Boston is what I would like the whole United States to be!"

* * * * *

The Gentle Art of Skipping. We wonder how many of our readers can truthfully say that they have recently re-read a Dickens novel from cover to cover? These are busy times—so that the answer might not be a very great number. We all "dip into" our favourites whenever we get a chance but "John o' London" has been pointing out with, oh, how much truth, that "there are some good books parts of which may be skipped; but how much the skipper loses in reading such books as *The Pickwick Papers* and *Pride and Prejudice*! When one gets to know Dickens one may hurry through certain scenes in some of his novels, but even so he does not give his best to the scamper and the scamperer."

* * * * *

More Overseas Sympathy. We had no sooner gone to press with the Summer Number, than the sum of no less than one hundred and fifty pounds arrived from the Toronto Branch and its Boz Club for the assistance of the war-stricken children of Britain. We should have liked to acknowledge it with the other sums recorded in that issue and we hasten to publish our most grateful thanks at this, the earliest opportunity. Such thoughtful munificence is indeed in the spirit of Dickens.

* * * * *

On the Screen. The eagerly-awaited technicolor version of "Nicholas Nickleby" to be made by the Ealing Studios is being somewhat delayed for technical reasons but preparations are going forward as fast as circumstances permit. It is likely to be preceded at the cinemas by the Denham Studios version of "Great Expectations." As in the case of the former, this film is being prepared with that care for the author's intentions that is now more characteristic than otherwise of the modern film studios. We are in touch with both these enterprises and gladly pay our tribute to the artistic integrity of the directors. An interesting short film, "After You, Mr. Dickens" (New Realm Film Company) will appear shortly. It shows a series of the characters against a background of their London haunts and is treated in a novel manner by introducing the surge of modern traffic over the same sites.

* * * * *

On the Stage. A new dramatic version of "Dombey and Son," by Ian MacIntosh was produced at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, on May 7th and has since been on tour. Mr. Ernest Milton was the Dombey, Mr. Michael Martin-Harvey the Carker and Miss Cecily Byrne the Edith. As we go to press we hear of a play on the encouraging theme of Mr. Micawber, which is likely to appear in London this Autumn.

The Ingoldsby Centenary. The recent centenary of the Rev. R. H. Barham, author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" and friend of Dickens, has given rise to many interesting tributes. One of the most interesting appeared in the "Christian World" which discussed the charge of irreverence that is sometimes made against this delightful book. In it the author says: "It is true that Barham is vulgar in the sense that Dickens is vulgar—he and Dickens together provide us with something like an anthology of Cockney catch-phrases and grammatical solecisms in the eighteen-forties. And it is true that Barham makes comedy out of mediaeval legends of the saints and the whole paraphernalia of mediaeval religion. But to call him 'vulgar and irreverent' seems to me to be making a double mistake. It is to mistake his motive and to mistake the nature of true reverence."

* * * * *

When Dickens Failed. The lifting of the security bans revealed that a war-time code that used the names of Dickens characters had to be abandoned as our continental friends found the pronunciation of such names as Chuzzlewit, Buzfuz, Snodgrass and others too difficult and a simpler scheme had to be contrived.

* * * * *

Dickens and the Classics. A writer in "Notes and Queries" recently revived the question of the possible extent of Dickens's study of classical literature at Wellington House Academy, and pointed out an interesting reference. Twemlow, with his hair not dry and erect, is stated to be looking "equally like the Monument on Fish Street Hill and King Priam on a certain incendiary occasion not wholly unknown as a neat point from the classics." The reference is evidently to the second Aeneid, which describes the burning of Troy. But there, 552, Priam's hair does not stand up in horror, it is seized by Pyrrhus, his murderer. Aeneas was aghast at the sight, "Obstipui," 560, but his hair does not stand up, though the same verb begins a line towards the end of the book. Here, when Creuca's ghost appears to him, larger than life-size, he is gravely disturbed: "Obstipui, steteruntque comae et vox faucibus haesit." So far as the reference to Priam goes, Dickens might have got it from Dryden's translation. This, indeed, seems likely, for Dryden makes Aeneas say after seeing Priam murdered, "my hair with horror stood," without any such detail in the Latin text. So Dickens may have associated the upright hair with the scene of Priam's murder, though he gave it to the wrong person. If he started Latin at school and returned to it in later life, he might have been floored by the Second Aeneid, as Stevenson was with the Seventh. In his "Pictures from Italy" he shows no particular interest in Virgil when he reaches Mantua.

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Correction. On page 117 in the last number a rather hasty and perhaps unfair comment is made on a remark of Leigh Hunt's. He wrote that he would "rather have some great and comparatively private friend rich enough to assist him than become the public property of any man or of any government." He was evidently referring to the practice, then long established, of governments and Ministers paying hired literary hacks to support their policies. Writers of the eminence of Defoe and Swift occasionally stooped to such work, and the great Johnson himself once fell. Leigh Hunt had strong feelings about this practice, and the "Examiner" was founded largely to expose the system and to encourage independent thought and fearless expression of opinion.

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

VICTORY CONFERENCE

OUR friends over the Atlantic will not grudge us the title. We were far from forgetting the War in the East, which had still to be triumphantly concluded, but we have been so close to the War in the West, right in it far more often than was comfortable, that we may be pardoned for celebrating, as fully as the austerity of the times permitted, this first Conference of Victory.

The outstanding feature was the number of delegates from the more distant branches; more than fifty members from distant cities, the travelling from which still entails the maximum war-time discomforts. The Swedenborg Hall, London, was filled on Saturday, July 7th, for the Business Meeting. It was the first time since the memorable Bath Conference at Whitsuntide, 1939, that we were able to meet and exchange views, and the atmosphere was of the most joyous, in striking contrast to that of last year, when the crash of flying bombs punctuated our deliberations all the afternoon.

I

The proceedings were opened by an address from the Chairman, Mr. Leo Mason, Chairman of the Council and Hon. Secretary of the Blackburn Branch, who said: Ladies and Gentlemen, in extending a most cordial welcome to you all on this most outstanding occasion —our first post-VE Day Conference—we cannot quite forget the first occasion on which we had the honour of extending such a greeting, at our first war-time Conference in 1940. How vividly do we recall our General Secretary's welcome on our arrival at Euston Station—our going out into the street and being confronted with the newsboys' placard bearing the cryptic news "Germans enter Boulogne." Soon followed the Battle of Britain, the bombing of London—the burning of the City—H.E.s, fire bombs, land mines—flying bombs, rockets—and yet midst all the trials, troubles, upheavals, terrors and nerve-shattering experiences of total war—through five long years the administration of our world-wide Dickens Fellowship has been most faithfully carried on—each year in London Annual Conference has been held. It seems to us fellow Dickensians that one of the most important things we have to do at this Conference Meeting when, for the first time for five years the blast of war no longer blows in our ears, is to express our thanks in terms of highest commendation to one who by his doggedness, tenacity, high spirit of optimism and faithful devotion to duty has, with the aid of the members of the Emergency Committee, steered our Fellowship so successfully during the stormy times that now lie behind us. We are indeed fortunate to have had such a virile, competent, trustworthy and withal very engaging secretary in charge of our Fellowship affairs. We trust that his work of National Service which we know has occupied much of his time may now be eased so that although "the labour we delight in physics pain"—he may have far less pain and a little more time to enjoy the expenditure of his talent and energy in the no mean task of trimming and repainting the ship after her stormy passage, so that she may once again appear in all her splendour before the eyes of the world. Mr. Secretary, Mr. Editor, Mr. Leslie C. Staples, please accept our sincerest thanks. To our Honorary Treasurer—our mutual friend—Mr. T. W. Hill, we likewise extend our sincere expressions of appreciation for the services he has rendered in guarding our finances. To Mrs. Major, Mrs. Bacon,

to Presidents, Secretaries, Treasurers and all stalwart members of the branches without whose loyal co-operation and support the Fellowship could not have carried on, may we once again from the Chair, express thanks and appreciation.

In expressing these thanks let no one think that we forget the services of that great Dickensian, the late Walter Dexter; he should have been here with us on this day.

And now, fellow Dickensians, turning from the sublime to the commonplace, may we be permitted to observe that on some few occasions, in fact on just such occasions as this, it has been our pleasure to expound and place before you some thoughts and deliberations on the works of Dickens. On this occasion, however, we find ourselves compelled to express to you somewhat in the manner of Wilkins Micawber, that, under the continued pressure of numerous liabilities contracted with a view to, we cannot say immediate liquidation and most certainly at this moment remaining quite unliquidated—we regret, indeed, we sincerely regret, that we have nothing we can offer you on this occasion in the way of Magnum Opus. Now we trust having gone through so much Dickens will not lead you to suppose that like Mr. Toots we have suddenly left off blowing in our prime and remain but a stalk.

No ! rather must you view the present occasion in the same light as would the aforementioned Wilkins Micawber. You must be not strangers to the fact, fellow Dickensians, that there are periods in our lives when it is requisite that we should pause, when it is necessary that we should fall back, before making what we trust we shall not be accused of presumption in terming a spring. The present is one of those momentous stages in the life of man. You find us fallen back for a spring. And we have every reason to believe that a vigorous leap will shortly be the result. Nevertheless in order that the meeting might not come to an end too soon, and that any stranger present might not go away without having formed at least some slight impression that this is a meeting of lovers of Dickens, we have spilt a little ink.

II

It is of the genius of Dickens that we speak. His genius was many sided. He was great in fiction, great in horror and tragedy—great in drama ; but he is recognised as the greatest humourist that ever lived—it is said that his glorious mirth will live for ever in the hearts of men. Talent slowly develops and improves itself, but Genius rises full orbed above the horizon. Though Dickens's keenest joy and most perfect achievements are in the realm of humour, he can nevertheless make our hearts stand still with horror—the death of Bill Sikes, Montague Tiggs's evening walk towards the wood, the death of Madame Defarge, Merdles's suicide at the Baths.

He was a creator of characters—characters more real than living men—characters twice as large as life—four times as natural—he made no two alike. Each has his or her separate identity and distinct characteristics. To enumerate them all—that is all of the famous characters whose portraits are elaborated, would be superfluity. But in addition to these giant personalities we must add the goodly band of subsidiary characters, who yet have personalities and records of their own. Even when dealing with different men of the same profession, Dickens never repeats himself. Parker and Pell, Sampson Brass, Dodson and Fogg were all solicitors, but yet have nothing else in common. Then again who, apart from Dickens, has ever given us so complete a College of Physicians, each quite different from his colleague, as Sir Tumley Snuffim, who attended the " soul-ful " Mrs. Wititterly, Dr. Parker Peps, one of the court physicians, Dr. Haggage of the

Marshalsea, who wore the dirtiest white trousers conceivable by mortal man, and no visible linen, Mr. Pilkins, family practitioner to the Dombeys, John Jobling, Esquire, M.R.C.S., medical officer of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Company, Dr. Lumley, the accoucheur, medical adviser to the Kenwigs and generally very popular in his district, which was prolific. The unnamed physician "with a great bunch of seals dangling below his waistcoat of ribbed black silk" who recommended the remedies which he thought the landlady had already applied, and left everyone in transports of admiration of the wisdom which tallied so closely with their own. We must not omit little Dr. Chillip who ushered little David into the world and who "walked as softly as the ghost in Hamlet, and more slowly." He was nearly frightened to death by Aunt Betsey Trotwood.

III

Schoolmasters, what a race! All quite different. Mr. Creakle, whose face was fiery and his eyes small and deep in his head, he had thick veins in his forehead, a little nose and a large chin—"I'll tell you what I am—I'm a Tartar!" Picture Mr. Creakle sitting at breakfast with the newspaper—and the cane and the buttered toast. Mr. Squeers, who had but one eye, a greenish-grey eye in shape somewhat resembling a fanlight over a street door. Recall Mr. Squeers and his ominous sentence, "I have had disappointments to contend against, Bolder's father was two pound ten short. Where is Bolder?" Who, that has been a boy at school does not have the strongest feeling of sympathy for Bolder, irrespective of whether or not his father ever happened to be two pound ten short, Dr. Blimber, a portly gentleman in a suit of black, who had a bald head highly polished and a deep voice. Picture Dr. Blimber and his school which "was a great hot-house in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work; mental green peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round, mathematical gooseberries (very sour, too) were common at untimely seasons, and from mere sprouts of bushes under Dr. Blimber's cultivation.

And mention of educators reminds us not to forget Mrs. Pipchin, who has for sometime devoted all her energies of mind, with the greatest success, to the study and treatment of infancy, and who has been extremely well connected. Mrs. Pipchin was "a marvellously ill-favoured, ill-conditioned old lady, of a stooping figure, with a mottled face, like bad marble, a hook nose, and a hard grey eye, that looked as if it might have been hammered at on an anvil without sustaining any injury."

Recall Nicholas Nickleby, think of Fanny Squeers, whose hair curled in five distinct rows and was arranged cunningly to cover the doubtful eye and who fell in love with Nicholas because he had such nice straight legs. Little Miss La Creery, a mincing young lady of fifty, wearer of a yellow headdress, had a gown to correspond, and was of much the same colour herself. The Mantalini's—Alfred, who had a very capacious watchchain wound round his body and called his wife "a demnition flower pot." Vincent Crummles and all his company, his daughter, the Infant Phenomenon who "though short of stature, had a comparatively aged countenance, and had moreover been precisely the same age—not perhaps to the full extent of the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but certainly for five years. But she had been kept up late every night and put upon an unlimited allowance of gin-and-water from infancy to prevent her growing tall, and perhaps this system of training had produced in the Infant Phenomenon these additional phenomena." Picture Miss Snevellicci when Nicholas happened to call on her when she was doing the smalls.

Think of her papa who loved all the ladies. Recall that prince of all Shakespearian critics, Mr. Curdle, who "had written a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, post octavo, on the character of the nurse's deceased husband in 'Romeo and Juliet,' with an enquiry whether he had really been a merry man in his lifetime or whether it was merely his widow's affectionate partiality that induced her so to report him." But most of all think of Mrs. Nickleby. "I say again," said Mrs. Nickleby who, it is needless to observe, had never said so before, "our married gentleman friends tell us that she is the true type of the Eternal Feminine." Recall her genuine amiability, her devotion to her family, her tenderness to the sick and afflicted—all these are feminine in the best and highest sense. What odds if she did enumerate a vain-glorious list of her unsuccessful lovers? What if she did seem to encourage, however faintly, the advances of the old gentleman in small clothes who lived next door? What does it matter in the least if she was amenable to a little flattery?

Illustrations of his characters might of course be carried on for hours —the question is "Are they life-like?" Yes, and a thousand times Yes. They are so real that one's only difficulty is to believe that one does not know them in the flesh. They are not photographs but pure artistic creations. The number of Dickensian phrases which have passed into every-day speech is proof that his characters thought and spoke as human beings think and speak. "Codlin's the friend not short," "Let me put my lips to it when I'm so dispoged," "Barkis is willing," "A human boy," "Something turning up," "Making an effort," "An Infant Phenomenon," "King Charles' head in the Memorial" and "Borrioboola-Gha." Every one of these sayings or phrases has passed into our every-day speech and each recalls on the instant a quite definite personality or event.

Like all good men and good writers, Dickens had a friendly feeling towards food and drink. Dickens's dinners are not his best meals, though there would have been a nice one at the Jellybys "if it had had any cooking at all"; and young Smallweed entertained Guppy and Jobling very handsomely at the Slap-Bang. Dickens was perhaps better at supper; do you remember that capital stew at the Jolly Sandboys? But the meal at which he really excelled was High Tea. Piles of toast with plenty of butter. Mrs. Gamp, you remember, was fond of toast, though in consequence of tender teeth and not too many of them she had first to cut off the crust. High tea, yes, no wonder Mr. Chadband was eager to fall to with a watering mouth at the feast provided by Mrs. Snagsby.

IV

Dickens's style is especially graphic and humorous when he shows us the most trifling and commonplace things in a new and amusing light. All his descriptions are good—generally excellent—time and time again he treats us to what might be termed extraordinary felicites of phrase such as "Mr. Squeers had but one eye, whereas popular prejudice runs in favour of two." Miss Montflather's favourite pupil, the Baronet's Daughter, was "by some extraordinary reversal of the laws of nature, not only plain in features, but dull in intellect." The symptoms of nervousness in Mr. Magnus were "loss of appetite, a propensity to upset the tea things, and a spectral attempt at drollery." The fond father's description of Wackford Squeers: "next door but one to a cherubim." To introduce a topical note—there is the politician "throwing himself upon the country in an amiferous and malty shower."

Dickens's outstanding genius lay in his creative and descriptive powers and just as his characters are creations of pure imagination

so also is his world—a world built up on the strictest realism of detail but combined with a fairy tale unrealism of general atmosphere. He describes scenes and objects as they are about us but sees so much more in a given time and space than we normally do, and sets it all down vividly before us.

He stands with one foot in the world of his imagination and one in this, and by his art entices us to enter and tarry a while. Once there we do not feel strangers to his creations, we soon know the people of his world. Thus as Osbert Sitwell has observed : " Dickens resembles it may be said, the God of the Old Testament creating a world and its inhabitants whom he delights to punish and reward, and his greatness resides in this very fact. Triumphantly he creates a world ; and the creation is immense and magnificent."

It is the one touch of nature that makes the dwellers on this solid earth feel so strong an interest in the creatures of his fancy. Their individuality rises up palpably under his hands. Their humanity is intelligible and familiar. His characters whatever may be their rank are appropriate to the place and business in which they are engaged ; they act precisely as we should expect such men and women to act in such circumstances ; they are surrounded by the essentials of their condition, and a practical propriety and consistency invariably presided over their language and conduct. We become quite intimate with them, and thus a race of beings unique in itself is able to reach and agitate the universal heart.

Such as it is, this is our tribute to the great novelist who is the inspiration of our Fellowship. What need have we to say more.

In the words of another genius let us cry :

Hurrah for Victory ! Hurrah for Dickens !
Twang the Harp ! Bang the Drum !
Dickens is Humour,
And Humour is Fun.
Let's clear off the business
For which we have come."

V

After the Roll of Branches had been called, the Honorary Secretary read the report of the Emergency Committee which showed that the war-time policy of maintaining as many of the Fellowship activities as was practical and the careful husbanding of resources against the day of reconstruction, had been carefully pursued with success. This was followed by the presentation of the accounts by the Hon. Treasurer. These appear on another page and are left to speak for themselves.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who has presided over us throughout these dark years had expressed his willingness to stand for a term of a further year, and was unanimously re-elected President with acclamation.

The re-election of the officers who had served on the Emergency Committee was the occasion of very warm tributes to them and to the other members of the Committee who have carried on the work of the Fellowship during the difficult war years. The Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Editor were re-elected amid enthusiastic applause. The former expressed the thanks of his colleagues and particularly his own, for the appreciation of his labours which had been so cordially expressed had particularly touched him. The Honorary Auditors, Messrs. Whinney, Smith and Whinney were also re-elected and the Hon. Secretary instructed to forward the keen appreciation of Conference for their valuable services so generously given for so long.

A number of Branch Secretaries present gave brief reports of their

Branch activities, those from the larger cities paying the warmest tributes to those overseas Branches which had been so munificent in forwarding funds for the relief of air-raid stricken children in this country. The Hon. Secretary was requested to convey the most grateful thanks of Conference to the Branches concerned.

In the absence of any specific invitation for next year's Conference, the matter was left in the hands of Council, the hope being expressed that it would later be easier to determine the scale upon which the 1946 Conference could be held.

The Book chosen for study during the Season 1946-7 was *The Tale of Two Cities*, that for the coming seasou, *Little Dorrit*, having been selected by last year's Conference.

The Hon. Secretary then outlined the plans for the future. The Emergency Committee proposes to surrender its powers to the Council and Executive Committee at the end of the summer, and it was hoped that a speedy resumption of our normal government and activities would be possible. Every effort would then be made to extend our membership which, although it had had a constant influx during recent years was below that of normal years. Similarly the Emergency Committee would surrender its powers to the Trustees of the Dickens House with a view to an early reopening of that National institution. Mr. Staples pointed out that a very great deal had to be accomplished before that could happen but that with goodwill and determination the tasks would be completed and the House reopened at the earliest possible moment. The need for an adequate Endowment Fund was insisted upon and in this respect Branches were urged to pursue plans for the raising of funds for the Walter Dexter Memorial Fund which was designed to fulfil this need. It was hoped that with the coming of more settled times, it would be possible to launch a public appeal to Dickens lovers everywhere for this highly necessary endowment. *The Dickensian* was also dealt with. The present Editor hopes for the continued confidence of members and for the resumption of a wider circulation for the assistance of the Fellowship from every point of view.

The proceedings closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman which was proposed by Mr. J. H. McNulty in a characteristically felicitous speech. Tea was then served and full advantage was taken of a very pleasant and profitable hour of renewal of old friendships.

VI

The Conference Dinner was held at the Restaurant Chez Auguste at which the President, Mr. Compton Mackenzie presided. The room was filled by one hundred and twenty-five members and friends and the happiest of evenings ensued. The toast of "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens" was proposed by the President, who said:

Ladies and Gentlemen,

It is not merely my duty; it is a great pleasure to express how proud and grateful I am to be elected to serve for another year as your President. I have been President so long now that I am almost qualified to appear in the "Illustrated London News" of this week, with other horrors of war.

I was deeply disappointed that I could not speak at the Birthday Luncheon, but I had a bad attack of sciatica, and even in the small hours of this morning I woke with a threat of it and thought I was going to fail you again. The last time I spoke was at lunch on a very warm day at a great moment of crisis for our country—May 26th, 1940. I always look back to that year and remember with what faith and what conviction the strength of England seemed to be preserved

by Dickens and what a comfort his works were going to be throughout the war, which I then thought would be long, but not so long as it has been. Let us look back this evening to that brighter world when Dickens was born. That, too, was a time of war. It was the year 1812; Waterloo had not been fought. He was born in Landport—in the centre of the naval defences of this country. He was born, as it were, cradled in the very lap of Mars himself, but he was too young to appreciate or realise what that Napoleonic struggle meant. He belonged as much to a post-war generation as the young people of to-day or the last war, but they have seen two wars such as Dickens never experienced or dreamed of. At the time *Pickwick* was being written soldiers were rather a joke in Rochester. We do not feel that Dickens took the army very seriously. He lived through that tranquil Victorian age of which some of us present this evening represent the end. I used to think what a miserable thing it was to be born at a time when nothing happened, when no more great battles would ever be fought, and when we should live in dull perpetual peace. Well, we know what happened to that idea. Dickens could not have imagined a war on such a scale as we have experienced.

It would have seemed as fantastic to him as the early tales of another great novelist, who went to a planet for his war. Many of you must remember "The War of the Worlds", by H. G. Wells coming out in "Pearson's Magazine." I remember some fellow at school asking me what I thought of H. G. Wells as a writer, and my astonishment at being invited to regard as a writer for serious discussion the man I now revere as our greatest living novelist.

Dickens enjoyed what I could once upon a time enjoy in common with him, for I have one foot well in the eighteenth century. People often ask me if I think that the young people of to-day will go on reading Dickens? Well, I am not prepared to make any prophesy of what the world will be like in the future. I am no H. G. Wells. I sometimes wonder whether the younger generation will read anything at all in a world that may be a series of journeys to New York by air and then back again in an hour. Perhaps the headlines of the more intellectual papers will be as much as people will be able to read then. They will have better wireless and television and films than we have, and in a way, I don't think it's worth speculating what people will be reading or not reading. Perhaps they'll invent a way of looking back to the beginning of the nineteenth century and see in figures that might have come straight out of Dickens's novels. I can do that in memory. I had a nurse exactly like Mrs. Pipchin, with a passion for gin like Mrs. Gamp. She used to send me out for walks by myself in order that she could indulge with Dickensian female friends. I was always convinced I was going to be stolen by gipsies, but the most frightening thing of all was an old man, with a funny flat face, dressed in a moleskin waistcoat, and moleskin trousers; he had very short white hair and was covered with white mice and white rats. I am not inventing this figure; it was such a figure as Dickens might have seen.

My friend Mr Hill corroborates the appearance of this peculiar figure whom he, too, remembers, so you see I am not speaking of mere figments of the imagination. Another extraordinary experience occurs to me. I was once travelling down to Cornwall—not so very long ago—in about 1908-9. I found myself in a very full carriage, and opposite was a woman and next to me a man. Presently the man nudged me and said "Do you ever do any boxing?" "Well, I used to box at school," I replied. "You wouldn't like to come out in the corridor, would you, and do a bit of boxing with me?" he asked. "Well," I said, "the rest of the carriage might think it rather odd." "My wife boxes, too," he proclaimed pointing to the ample lady opposite, "open your bodice,

dear." She unbuttoned her bodice and there was a steel breastplate. "Do you know why that is there?" he asked sternly, "if any man looks at her in a train and insults her, she hits him and he can't hit her back and hurt her. See what I mean?" I doubt whether any of us to-day could have an experience like that in the Cornish Riviera Express.

That is why some of the young people of to-day cannot understand Dickens. They have never had these experiences or met the peculiar characters that were so much more common in his day and about whom he wrote. To these young people the characters of Dickens are impossible caricatures.

I look back to the 'eighties of the last century and I think of the gaslit streets of London of that strange world when Jack the Ripper used to frighten people. It was a common thing to hear the newsboys shouting "Murder! Murder! Another horrible murder in Whitechapel!" We had the muffin man with his bell. We had the old street cries. We had sweeps dozing in green-decked wicker-cages.

That was the world in which I first read Dickens. One must relate most literature in the end to one's own experience. There is a curious superstition that young people should be made to read Dickens as part of their education; I do not believe that a child of eight or nine of to-day can really appreciate Dickens's humour. Perhaps some book of mine, banned by the libraries once upon a time, will be handed to children of four in the next generation. That's the way it goes. The cynical Thackeray of the nineteenth century becomes nursery reading in the twentieth.

But I feel there is a tradition about Dickens that will be carried on. There is a link between everyone of us sitting here to-night; this scene or that scene; this character or that character; and everybody here is linked by that tradition. It *must* be carried on. I think it is going to be a struggle, but it lies chiefly with our Fellowship to see that it *is* carried on. I think the most practical thing the Fellowship can do at the moment is to work hard to raise the money required to endow the Dickens House. It is a little galling to read in the daily press that the house in Devonshire Terrace is going to be pulled down. Correspondents wrote to ask what the Dickens Societies were going to do about it. The Dickens Fellowship cannot go about buying up every house in which Dickens lived. I wish it could. As you know, novelists are very fond of moving from one place to another and buying up all sorts of expensive houses and places—I do it myself. Gadshill Place is particularly in our minds at the moment. I suggest we say to the public, "Here is our greatest novelist—the one novelist who can link the simplest individual with the most sophisticated. You have got to see that we get that house, if you want these memorials of your great men." We do not suppose that Dickens is worrying in the slightest degree whether his house is to be pulled down, but it is up to us not to let people forget and up to the public to make every effort possible.

I have enjoyed this evening so very much. I regret I have not been able to see more of you, but I haven't been able to do so during these war years. And as I raise my glass to the immortal writer who taught us so much, I raise my glass at the same time to you, who, like myself, love him and admire him, and speaking as a writer who not only had the advantage of reading Smollett and Fielding as Dickens did when he was young, but who also had what Dickens had not—the advantage when he was young of being able to read the novels of Dickens as well.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I ask you to raise your glasses and drink a toast to the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens.

VII

Mr. J. Greaves then entertained the company with some brilliant character studies from Dickens. His Old William Dorrit was particularly appreciated.

The toast of " The Dickens Fellowship " was proposed by Mr. Ronald E. Rigg of Rochester in the following speech :

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Dickens Fellowship.

When I was invited to propose on this memorable occasion the toast of the Dickens Fellowship, I could not at first discover any good reason why I was to be so honoured, but after some consideration I persuaded myself that it was upon the Branch which I and a few others with me here represent this evening, that this honour was given, and that, Mr. Chairman, not only because the Rochester Branch is one of the oldest of all the branches—having been started only two years after the foundation of the Dickens Fellowship in London——but also because the Rochester Branch holds a unique position amongst the provincial branches for its association with the early and late years of Dickens, and with him many of his best known characters.

Most Sunday mornings my wife and I walk from Rochester to a church in Chatham and we pass the house in which Dickens lived as a boy ; every time we go to Gravesend we pass Gad's Hill ; every time we shop in Rochester High Street we pass one building after another commemorated by Dickens in his novels. No wonder we feel that we are indeed privileged in Rochester. And, Mr. Chairman, some of us have wondered sometimes whether it would not be a fitting thing for us to erect in Rochester some tangible memorial of Dickens. But is there not now in Rochester a living memorial of the fame and genius of the late author, a memorial which reflects the spiritual light not unmarked in our neighbourhood and elsewhere—I mean the Rochester Branch of the Dickens Fellowship.

You, Mr. Chairman, drew, I thought, rather a grim picture of the future in which nobody would read anything well worth reading, but the question whether Dickens is read now or not is refuted wherever there is a branch of the Dickens Fellowship. I would invite any cynic who dared to assert that Dickens is not read now to attend any branch of the Dickens Fellowship. There he would find a spirit of friendliness and practical kindness inspired by the works and words of Charles Dickens; there he would discover that his pathos and humour lightens our hearts and deepens and supports what you say that Dickens is not merely a great name in literature, but a living and potent influence.

Indeed I am convinced that one of the chief functions of the Dickens Fellowship is to afford occasion of collective enthusiasm by clarifying one of the greatest, most sincere, and most effective of all literary men. The Dickens Fellowship offers all and sundry a worthy object of broad and suitable enthusiasm, and that in these days of materialism and of uncertainty and of chaos, is something worth having. By lectures and dramatic performances and readings, and recitals, the members of any branch may learn invaluable lessons of appreciation of the art both of Dickens and also the art that centres round Dickens, and they may develop in themselves the capacity to perceive and enjoy the mystery and the wonder of the nobler aspects of the human mind and that wonder will grow deeper the more we communicate it one to the other. It is further heartened and strengthened by hearing and meeting men and women who come from outside the branch—perhaps even outside the Fellowship—who have become authorities in the interpretation of Dickens, and by perusing that excellent organ of the Fellowship—*The Dickensian*—whereby the knowledge of Dickens and matters relating to him is much enhanced.

Enthusiasm grows by example and this collective enthusiasm of the members of the Dickens Fellowship has been much strengthened by the zeal and courtesy of successive honorary secretaries and editors, and not least by the present honorary secretary, who is also editor of *The Dickensian*. They have welded the members of the Fellowship in a chain which stretches out to many centres of the United Kingdom, the Dominions, and the United States that links them with contemporary and rising leaders in the arts and professions of persons such as yourself, Mr. Chairman, who, as Presidents or Vice-Presidents, show fellowship with the humblest of students of Dickens.

There is something mystical between the Dickens Fellowship and Dickens himself. Members seem to become part of one another and part of him. This is a phenomenon that is worthy of the attention of both poet and philosopher. Madame de Staël wrote: "It seems to me we grow more dear to one another in admiring together works of art that speak to the soul by their greatness." That is verified constantly in the Dickens Fellowship, but there is another and deeper truth announced by Milton: "Books," he said, "are not absolutely dead things, but contain a progeny of Life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are."

His spirit commends a quickening influence that controls and clarifies the Dickens Fellowship and that this Fellowship may live to be the channel through which that influence can extend to all the world is the trust of all of us here, and therefore, Ladies and Gentlemen, I ask you to raise your glasses in honour of the Dickens Fellowship, and may I, with that, suggest we couple the name of our honorary secretary, Mr. Leslie C. Staples.

VIII

In reply, Mr. STAPLES said:

Mr. President, Fellow Dickensians.

Following the admirable toast so ably proposed by Mr. Rigg, it is my duty, my privilege and my pleasure to reply.

It is my duty as Honorary Secretary to voice your appreciation of the many fine things he said of The Fellowship and all it stands for. He told us much of the Rochester Branch in particular and I do not doubt that your own branch means as much to each one of you.

It is my privilege as the successor of the bearers of such names as Matz, Ley, Hill, Green, Edwards and Rust, names that will ever be revered in this Fellowship.

It is my pleasure for many reasons, not least for the success of this Conference with its amazing number of visiting delegates—amazing when one remembers that but a few short weeks ago, we were still at grips with Germany. This Conference assures me (if I needed assurance) that the future of The Dickens Fellowship is secure and that our efforts in keeping the flag flying during the recent tragic years have been rewarded with success.

Let me not deny that I had my fits of despondency during the war. As it dragged its weary course along and more and more of our beloved Dickens London was bombed into the limbo of memory, one wondered how much of it would be left at the end. The sad ruins, viewed in the knowledge that more devastation was sure to follow, were the most dispiriting sight. Then on VE Day, having a welcome break from the daily round, I was able to go early to the Dickens House (there had been a storm in the night and the gutters always need attention at such times). Afterwards, lured by the sunshine, I wandered into the Inns of Court. They were deserted, the sun playing on the bright summer foliage and an indefinable something in the air, gave the desolation a new aspect. I saw, vividly, that Ruth would not

forsake Fountain Court whether the fountain remained a static water tank or disappeared altogether. Tom Pinch would ever remain in Pump Court despite the fact that three-fourths of it is no more. Perker and Traddles cannot be driven from Grays Inn by high explosives or Grewgious from the brick heap that was once the lovely Staple Inn.

Is the analogy too inapplicable to The Dickens Fellowship ? I think not. Just as an enormous proportion of London has survived the bombing so has the Fellowship survived the buffettings and belabourings of the greatest war of all time, one that so fundamentally affected the lives of all of us, as to render even the survival of such a Fellowship as ours, a matter for heartiest congratulation.

A great tradition has been built up in more than 40 years. And now we are privileged to take up the threads again and continue the work. The war years have seen a dreadful toll levied upon our ranks. Such men as Percy T. Carden, Walter Dexter, W. L. Gadd and S. J. Rust are not easily replaced. We salute their memory but we are determined their work shall go on and prosper. If the British Branches can rally together as they have done to-day when London has by no means yet been able to resume her hospitable habits, what cannot we not hope for in the future ? A great deal of work lies before us. If we go forward together, what can we not accomplish ?

Mr. Rigg, in the name of us all, I thank you most cordially for the warmth with which you proposed the toast of The Dickens Fellowship.

IX

After a warm vote of thanks to the Chairman had been honoured on the proposition of Mr. F. R. Dean of Manchester this memorable and happy day of reunion concluded.

On Sunday morning the visiting delegates assembled early and were conducted on a tour of Dickens's London by Mrs. Gwen Major. The sadly devastated Inns of Court were visited, the party afterwards making its way into the city returning westwards for luncheon. Then Mr. George F. Young took charge and the delegates made a tour of Southwark with its innumerable memories of the novels and the life of their author. Tea was served in the Cathedral Chapter House and another happy day was concluded.

The next day a large party entrained for Rochester, where Miss Butler, the Hon. Secretary of the flourishing branch there had arranged for the visitors to see a great many of the treasures of the city explained by the experts in whose care they remain ; Mr. J. H. Bolton officiated at Eastgate House and the Castle, Alderman Matthews at the Guildhall, and the Dean at the Cathedral. Mr. Staples acted as general guide to the numerous points of interest between these high lights. Luncheon and tea were served at the Gordon Hotel and at the latter the company were joined by the Dean who had already delighted them by his description of the Cathedral during an hour's visit. The Dean, who was accompanied by Mrs. Crick, and is the enthusiastic President of the Rochester Branch, expressed the welcome of the Branch to the delegates in a most happily phrased speech.

Thus ended the first post-war Conference. May next year's prove more successful still and bring an even wider circle of old friends together to record a year's progress to restore the Fellowship to its accustomed strength and prosperity.

Leslie C. Staples.

HUNT—SKIMPOLE

By T. W. HILL

(*Continued from page* 120)

PART II—HAROLD SKIMPOLE

I

A LITTLE cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, had once shewn itself a few years before Leigh Hunt's death: a cloud that, very fortunately, only cast a temporary shadow over the mutual friendship between Dickens and Hunt and then dissolved without developing into what might have become a serious storm, and this dissolution was due to Leigh Hunt's magnanimity and generosity of spirit, combined with Dickens's manly and open acknowledgement of a lapse.

To drop metaphor, Dickens had, in 1852, put Leigh Hunt into *Bleak House*. The Skimpole-Hunt portraiture made a little stir at the time, but by now distance has smoothed away many of the rough places and we are able to regard the question as one of academic interest and view it in perspective without, I trust, diminishing the literary stature of either man.

Was Dickens justified in introducing his contemporaries into his books? The answer must, of course, be "yes." Thackeray did it; Disraeli did it; George Eliot did it; Trollope did it; modern novelists do it; and future novelists will continue to do it, although, with an eye to modern sensitiveness and the present law of libel one often finds nowadays a disclaimer such as this from a book recently published: "There are no portraits of real people, living or dead, in this book. If some of its characters are found to have borrowed traits from defunct figures, these have been chosen merely as typical."

Start with fundamentals. A novelist finds the attributes of his *dramatis personae* in his fellow creatures, and assembles these parts in a sort of mosaic or composite picture. As Chesterton says: "It was possible to combine a certain tone of conversation taken from a particular man with other characteristics which were not meant to be his . . . a work of fiction often consists in combining a pair of whiskers in one street with a crime in another." But the faculty of portraying friends is one that should be used with very great discretion and tact, and Dickens in books before *Bleak House* had already, in the exuberance of his fancy, overstepped the limits of nicety of taste, or should I say, committed regrettable errors of judgment. Mrs. Nickleby was surely not a flattering presentation of his own mother; Flora Finching seems to us a somewhat bitter retaliation for Maria Beadnell's early jilting of him. He had had the experience of a protest from the original of Miss Mowcher; and only Mr. Samuel Carter Hall's smug conceit of himself saved a protest at the hypocrite Pecksniff.

After such examples of the unwisdom of using the foibles of his personal friends as a foundation for the characteristics of his puppets, one would think that Dickens would have become more circumspect and would have exercised some restraint, but apparently his sense of fun ran away with him.

No doubt a real mistake was made by putting into one book two such outstanding characters with recognisable idiosyncracies as Lawrence Boythorn and Harold Skimpole. One such figure would have been quite sufficient, but we must accept the fact that Dickens considered that both were necessary for the plot: Boythorn to question the territorial rights of the Dedlocks, aristocratic landed gentry, and Skimpole to accentuate the generosity of Jarndyce and also to be a subsidiary "villain of the piece." It is said that Landor in his

robustuous way was delighted with *his* portrait (although one account says that it hurt a little). But when we come to Leigh Hunt who, with all his faults was child-like, gentle, companionable and affectionate, we are on more delicate ground. Hunt was a very sensitive plant who shrivelled up at criticism or ridicule as the mimosa plant will if you so much as breathe upon it. Yet his innocence of method in financial matters, his airy way of putting money worries behind him, the disarming way in which he dealt with his own foible, of which he was well aware, are associated by Dickens with a contemptible, selfish parasite who habitually did nothing for himself but seek his own gratification at anyone's expense except his own.

Leigh Hunt
by J. Hayter

Harold Skimpole
by Phiz

II

We must remember that the friendship between Hunt and Dickens had existed with fairly close intimacy for nearly twenty years; each had accepted and enjoyed the other's hospitality; they trusted each other; they admired each other. Forster says: "Hunt's philosophy of moneyed obligations always though loudly, half jocosely proclaimed, and his ostentatious wilfulness in the humouring of it . . . had so often seemed to Dickens to be whimsical and attractive that, wanting an airy quality for the man he invented, this of Hunt occurred to him." Let Dickens take up the tale (after Hunt's death): "Partly for this reason, and partly (he has often grieved to think) for the pleasure it afforded him to find that delightful manner reproducing itself under his hand, he yielded to the temptation of too often making the character *speak* like his friend. He no more thought (God forgive him) that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature. . . . Even to the mere

occasional manner he meant to be so cautious and conscientious that he privately referred the proof-sheets of the first number to two intimate literary friends of Leigh Hunt and altered the whole of that part of the text on their discovering too strong a resemblance to his 'way'."

But the question arises—Was Dickens quite ingenuous ? He may have been amused at Hunt's whimsical casualness ; and he himself was the very soul of integrity and punctiliousness in all financial matters, and hated the lack of it in others. Did he really take one side of Hunt's complex character and graft it on to a totally different personality, or did he intend Skimpole to be a full-length portrait of his friend with certain features stressed ? Adcock thinks " he merely seized on certain of Hunt's weaknesses and gave them to a character who had none of Hunt's finer qualities, and it is ridiculous in us and unfair to both men to take that caricature as a portrait." Dickens was always amused at Hunt's dilettantism, and on seeing one of Hunt's articles in proof he wrote to Wills : " I would hold ' Kensington ' over—certainly for a No. O Heaven, Hunt's not lounging, and being in earnest."

That Dickens knew what he was about, and that he did it with his eyes open is shown in a letter to Mrs. Watson of Rockingham Castle : " Skimpole—I must not forget Skimpole—of whom I will proceed to speak as if I had only read him and had not written him. I suppose he is the most exact portrait that was ever painted in words. I have very seldom, if ever, done such a thing. But the likeness is astonishing. I don't think it could possibly be more like himself. It is so awfully true that I make a bargain with myself never to do it any more. (And certainly his later experiments in this direction were much milder.) There is not an atom of exaggeration or suppression. It is an absolute reproduction of a real man. Of course (and this shows that he saw the red light ahead) I have been careful to keep the outside figure away from the fact ; but in all else it is the life itself." To Forster, at about the same time he wrote : " Browne has done Skimpole and helped to make him singularly unlike the great original." A few years later he wrote to Wills, the sub-editor of *Household Words*, in criticising one of Hunt's contributions : " Gore House is very poor. . . . It is Skimpole, you know—the whole passage. I couldn't write it more like him."

III

The two friends mentioned just now, who saw the danger, were Forster and Barry Cornwall (Procter). These friends read the proof-sheets, and after hearing Procter's opinion Dickens wrote to Forster : " I will nevertheless go through the character again in the course of the afternoon, and soften down words here and there." And the following day he wrote again : " I have again gone over every part of it very carefully and I think I have made it much less like. I have also changed Leonard (Skimpole's original Christian name) to Harold. I have no right to give Hunt pain, and I am so bent on not doing it that I wish you would look at all the proofs once more, and indicate any particular place in which you feel it particularly like. Whereupon I will alter that place." But in spite of all his care he did miss one place in the proof, and in Chapter XXXI in the monthly part and in the first edition of the completed book " Leonard " is unaltered.

It may have been a little remorse at what he had done in the early part of the story, and a wish to make the complete Skimpole as little like the real Hunt as possible (unless indeed it was part of his original scheme) that caused Dickens to allow Skimpole to deteriorate from the " unworldly uncalculating gossamer creature " Mr. Jarndyce thought him, to the sordid receiver of bribes.

Forster's comment on the emendations of which I have been speaking is: "The alterations were considerable but the radical wrong remained . . . perhaps the only person acquainted with the original who failed to recognise the copy was the original himself, but good-natured friends in time told Hunt everything and painful explanations followed." Dickens was certainly profuse and elaborate in his explanations and did all he possibly could to erase from Hunt's mind anything that could in the least cause him pain and distress. But he could not re-write the whole book, and the mischief could not be entirely eradicated as the book was printed and published with a world-wide circulation. In fact, to show how universal the recognition was, Dickens himself says in the article from which I have already quoted: "Four or five years ago, the writer of these lines was much pained by accidentally encountering a printed statement 'that Mr. Leigh Hunt was the original of Harold Skimpole . . .'; the statement came from America." That certainly bears the construction that the whole Skimpole was not the whole Leigh Hunt.

Lord Macaulay having read the article—it appeared in "All the Year Round" in 1859—wrote in his diary: "An odd explanation by Dickens that he did not mean Leigh Hunt by Harold Skimpole. Yet he owns that he took the light externals of the character from Leigh Hunt, and surely it is by the light externals that the bulk of mankind will always recognise character. Besides, it is to be observed that the vices of H.S. are vices to which L.H. had, to say the least, some little leaning, and which the world generally attributed to him most unsparingly. That he had loose notions of *meum* and *tuum*; that he had no high feelings of independence; that he had no sense of obligation; that he took money wherever he could get it; that he felt no gratitude for it; that he was just as ready to defame a person who had relieved his distress as a person who had refused him relief—these are things which, as Dickens must have known, were said, truly or falsely, about L.H., and had made a deep impression on the public mind."

And, as they say in the old game of Consequences, "that was what the world thought."

IV

It is certainly interesting as well as curious that although everyone else saw the resemblance between Skimpole's manner and Hunt's foibles, Hunt himself didn't. It was through a scandal-mongering American journal that Leigh Hunt did at one time feel aggrieved about the Skimpole business, for in his Autobiography there is a discursive passage in which he wonders if Dickens was disappointed because he would not join the Guild of Literature and Art, and if he was envious of Hunt's abilities as an amateur actor. When a revised edition of the Autobiography was preparing shortly before his death, Hunt's feelings had evidently considerably mellowed and here is a contracted extract from a suppressed paragraph which he wrote: "An American paper was sent to me for my astonishment and indignation, a writer in which . . . was pleased to inform his readers that the scoundrel (Skimpole) was intended for me, and this too by a friend of mine. I was not aware at that time of the astounding lengths to which personalities . . . were carried in some of the papers in the United States. As to the friend who was thus supposed to have become an astounding enemy, all I need say is that he was deeply grieved at an enormity so afflictingly as well as ridiculously unfounded, and that I never possessed I believe a warmer esteem on his part than I do at this present moment."

At about the same time Dickens wrote to him, evidently in reply to a letter from Hunt: "My dear Leigh Hunt: Believe me I have not forgotten that matter; nor will I forget it. To alter the book itself, or to make any reference in the prefatce of the book itself, would be to revive a forgotten absurdity, and to establish the very association that is to be denied and discarded. . . ."

To the eternal credit of both Hunt and Dickens, the little breeze blew over and their personal friendship and intercourse remained unimpaired. Within a few months Hunt was renewing his contributions to *Household Words*, and wrote the dainty articles on Kensington that were afterwards collected into a book and published under the title "The Old Court Suburb."

After his death Hunt's poems were collected into one volume and among them appear the following beautiful lines:

To Charles Dickens

As when a friend (himself in music's list)
Stands by some rare, full-handed organist,
And glorying as he sees the master roll
The surging sweets through all their depths of soul,
Cannot, encouraged by his smile, forbear
With his own hand to join them here and there;
And so, if little, yet add something more
To the sound's volume and the golden roar:
So I, dear friend, Charles Dickens, though thy hand
Needs but itself, to charm from land to land,
Make bold to join in summoning men's ears
To this thy new-found music of our spheres,
In hopes that by thy *Household Words* and thee
The world may haste to days of harmony.

V

My own conclusion is that we must accept Dickens's own statement. Delightful as he found the actual writing of the chapters containing Skimpole, "he did not think that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature." The complete character of Harold Skimpole was not the complete character of Leigh Hunt. The portrait was a composite one. Had it not been for tittletattling friends we should probably have accepted without question Skimpole with Pickwick, Cuttle, Mrs. Gamp, Sam Weller, Boffin, and the rest as among the immortal types created by the master novelist. Well may we say with Canning: "Save me, oh save me, from the candid friend."

Dickens's blunder, for I think it was a blunder, was in incorporating Hunt's weaknesses into such a detestable (if amusing) man as Skimpole. This blunder Dickens acknowledged as handsomely as he could, but like many another blunder in life, real or fictional, its effects persist. He was following his old manner in laughing to ridicule the evil he was attacking, but apparently his hand had lost some of its cunning. If only he had fastened those "ways" of Hunt on some different person than Skimpole the result would probably have been generally applauded. But, unfortunately, "the evil that men do lives after them. . . ."

So there has arisen a source of controversy, discussion and argument, that has lasted for now nearly a century, and seems destined to last so long as the names of Leigh Hunt and Charles Dickens are remembered. May all future discussions be as unimpassioned and unbiased as this has tried to be.

Leigh Hunt the man is dead and largely forgotten; Harold Skimpole the figment of an imagination still lives. Let us thank God for both!

ONE OF THE TWO CITIES

By A. SHELLSPLIT

IN none of his novels does Dickens shew more care with the "setting" for momentous events than he does in the case of *A Tale of Two Cities*. The book was written in 1859, during the Second Empire, and by that time the face of Paris had in many ways altered from its appearance during the Revolutionary Period, while the improvements then and afterwards have made still more changes.

The Paris of *A Tale of Two Cities* was indeed a very different place from the beautiful city of to-day, both in size and appearance; a very brief survey of its growth will help the reader to understand why only the sites of the story remain, although their interest is perennial.

The nucleus of modern Paris is the Ile de la Cité, composed of small islets in the Seine, united and enclosed by a wall built by the Romans under Caesar. The settlement grew on both of the adjacent banks of the river and a new wall was built by Philip Augustus in the twelfth century; its approximate course is shewn in the accompanying skeleton map, but no remains of it are visible above ground. The continued growth of the town in size and importance caused Charles V to erect an enclosing line of ramparts, with towers and bastions, further from the centre. This wall ran on the north side of the river from the Bastille on the east in a roughly semi-circular direction to the Castle of the Louvre on the west. In the sixteenth century it was found necessary to extend this protection to the west as far as the present Madeleine and the present Place de la Concorde. The course of this wall is easy to follow on the map as Louis XIV had it demolished and in its place constructed the Grand Boulevards (boulevard meant originally bulwark or rampart). As the city continued to increase in size the districts that grew outside the wall were called Faubourgs (suburbs). For instance, within the wall there is the Rue St. Antoine, while beyond the wall its continuation is called Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine. As these districts grew an "Octroi" wall was constructed in Louis XVI's reign, and the Revolutionaries were able to use the barriers to challenge any person entering or leaving the city, as Charles Darnay knew to his cost when he returned to Paris to rescue Gabelle, and as the Manette family found when they finally escaped after the sacrifice of Carton. The duties (with the Farmers-General who collected them) were abolished by the Revolution, but were later reimposed without the Farmers-General.* Of this "Octroi" wall nothing now remains, but its course can be accurately followed as the Métropolitain railway is below the surface throughout its length north and south of the river. Even within this perimeter there were considerable spaces not built over and there were forty monasteries and convents.

It will now be seen how small an area on the modern map of Paris is occupied by the places associated with the Revolution, and of these places many were not alluded to by Dickens for the purposes of his novel. The population did not exceed three-quarters of a million whereas now the great city accommodates more than three million inhabitants.

In spite of huge sums of money expended on royal and other palaces such as the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Palais de Justice and the Palais Royal, in past times the condition of the remainder of the city shewed little more than a labyrinth of small streets and slums, especially in the industrial districts (such as St. Antoine) and their condition was deplorable and insanitary. The roadways were ill-paved or not paved at all: in dry weather thick clouds of poisonous dust were raised by passengers

* See *The Dickensian*, 1945, p. 73.

and vehicles and in wet weather this dust worked up into a foul, malodorous mud—Sydney Carton on one occasion carried a little girl across it—and the only street lighting consisted of inefficient oil lamps hung at long intervals on cords slung across a few of the streets. There were no side-walks, only a post here and there at street corners, and the kennels, clogged with garbage and filth, ran down the middle of the road.

It was not till after the Revolution period that better conditions were introduced; Napoleon I did much by constructing sixty new streets, open spaces (Places), quays and markets, removing the middle kennels to gutters by the edge of the new kerbs, and providing many streets with raised pavements for foot-passengers; under Napoleon III long Boulevards, Avenues and Streets "of appalling uniformity and straightness were ploughed through Paris in all directions" as a military means of defence against attack either from without or within. (Very handy for a "whiff of grapeshot.")

The Paris of *A Tale of Two Cities* has therefore largely disappeared, but, thanks to the historical sense of the French, it is still not difficult to recall mentally the scenes in the book. Names may have been changed and buildings demolished, but the sites are preserved. Dickens knew his Paris well—although the city's modern aspect is different from that of 1859 when he was writing the book. His first real visit was in the autumn of 1846 and on the night of his arrival he, in his usual eager way, "took a colossal walk about the city," and next day "took another long walk about the streets and lost himself fifty times" (Forster). In succeeding years he was in Paris many times, sometimes for prolonged sojourns, and he became well acquainted with the city and incidentally well-known to its inhabitants. In the book he makes many references to the insalubrious conditions inherited from the eighteenth century.

* * * * *

A convenient starting point for a "Fireside Ramble" is the Place de la Bastille. The outline of the old fortress, which was left as an isolated fort when Louis XIV razed the fortifications three hundred years ago, is marked by a line of white stones in the pavement; the site of the North Tower in which Dr. Manette was known as Number One Hundred and Five for eighteen years (1757-1775) will be recognised. The destroying mob had come under the leadership of Defarge from the now respectable Rue St. Antoine where the centre of disturbance was Defarge's wine ship, where the three Jacques, the Vengeance and the rest all met and took their instructions under the discreet eye of Madame. As we enter this street we can try to imagine the excited crowd dancing the Carmagnole that so terrified Lucie. The sixth turning on the right is Rue de Sevigné leading us to the Carnavalet Museum where a model of the Bastille is preserved as well as some relics of the fortress, also some *lettres de cachet*, and mementoes of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin. Returning along Rue de Sevigné, on the right, Nos. 7 and 9, is the Caserne (barracks) built on part of the site of the prison of La Force; here and at No. 11 is a portion of the eastern wall of the prison to which Darnay was consigned on his arrival after interrogation at the Barrier. It was about these streets that Lucie came each afternoon for her husband to catch a possible glimpse of her from his cell window, and also where Sydney Carton, after parting with Barsad, wandered on the night before Darnay's execution, carrying in his pocket the small packet of drugs, before crossing the river to snatch a light sleep on its banks. From here we can trace Darnay's walk when he was removed to the Conciergerie for his trial; he went by way of Rue St. Antoine, turn left down Rue François Miron, past the Hôtel de Ville, in the Place,

Central Paris to illustrate *A Tale of Two Cities.*

14 Specially drawn for *The Dickensian* by C. W. Richardson.

formerly the Place de Grève, where Damiens was executed by dismemberment after his abortive attempt to assassinate Louis XV, and so along the bank of the Seine to the Pont au Change, and to the Conciergerie on the Ile de la Cité. The Pont au Change is so-called from the money-changers and goldsmiths whose shops and stalls used to line the bridge till it was pulled down, and rebuilt a few yards to the west. It would be the row of shops on the narrow bridge that would make the walk " short and dark." The Conciergerie is a part of the Palais de Justice, which merits long and careful inspection, but the portion most interesting to the reader of *A Tale of Two Cities* is the Première Chambre where the " dread Tribunal of Five Judges, Public Prosecutor, and determined Jury, sat every day." To reach this one ascends the steps of the principal portico in the Cour du Mai and enters the Galerie Marchande. Turning right along this the Salle des Pas Perdus is entered by the door at the end. This noble hall was extensively restored after the disastrous fire of 1871. On the left facing the visitor is the Première Chambre. Here, after the evidence of Gabelle, Dr. Manette and Darnay himself, he was released, only to be re-arrested the same evening. Here he was again brought to trial and here Dr. Manette's manuscript, found in the Bastille, was read and Darnay condemned and removed to the Salle des Gardes where he awaited " death within four-and-twenty hours " (the same sentence that had been pronounced on Queen Marie Antoinette in the same court room).

In the turret (the Tour d'Argent) in the left-hand corner of the room, is a circular stairway which prisoners ascended from the Conciergerie to stand their trial. The modern visitor must seek admittance to the historic prison in the Quai de l'Horloge on the Seine. Here, in addition to the cell of Marie Antoinette and other memorials of the Terror, one may inspect the Gothic Hall of St. Louis (restored by Viollet le Duc) in which prisoners bound for the guillotine were assembled. It was here that Carton met the little sempstress and accompanied her up some circular stairs to the tumbrils in the Cour du Mai.

Only a few yards from the Conciergerie is Nôtre Dame, where, " near the great cathedral door between the two towers " Jerry Cruncher had the carriage waiting for Miss Pross ready to overtake the coach in which they all escaped after Carton's execution.

The tumbrils assembled on the North side of the forecourt of the Palais de Justice, the Cour du Mai, and took their way to the guillotine by way of the Pont au Change, Quai de la Mégisserie, then turned right opposite Pont Neuf, along Rue de la Monnaie and Rue du Roule to Rue St. Honoré, and turned left past the Palais Royal. It was in this neighbourhood that Miss Pross found the wine shop " Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity " where she unexpectedly met her brother Solomon masquerading as John Barsad, Sheep of the Prisons. Proceeding along the Rue St. Honoré the procession soon reached the church of St. Roch at the corner of Rue des Pyramides ; on the steps of this church, the only church on the route, Barsad stood so that he could look over the heads of the crowd below him and recognise " Evrémonde." Carton also looks up " attentively at him and goes his way " to the Rue Royale where the procession turns left and so to the Place de la Concorde where the guillotine was erected. This beautiful square, one of the finest in Europe, dates from 1763 and was originally called Place Louis XV from its creator, and had a statue of that king in the centre. In 1792 the Revolutionaries melted down the statue for cannon and replaced it with a plaster statue of Liberty, besides which was placed the guillotine where Carton suffered, and the square was renamed Place de la Révolution. In 1795 the name was changed once more to Place de la Concorde to signify the unity of France. In 1816 after the

Restoration it became again Place Louis XV and then Place Louis XVI till 1830 when Place de la Concorde was revived and persists.

On leaving here the pilgrim can go south over the river Seine and along the Boulevard St. Germain. This fine thoroughfare, completed in its modern form by Napoleon III cuts right through the Latin Quarter, and somewhere in this neighbourhood Tellson's bank may have been situated, and not far away would be the lodgings of Lucie and Miss Pross. At the corner of Rue Bonaparte is the church of St. Germain des Prés (St. Germain-in-the-Fields) one of the oldest churches in Paris, near to which was the Prison de l'Abbaye from which Gabelle wrote the letter that drew Darnay "to the Loadstone Rock." The Boulevard St. Germain traverses the site. About a quarter of a mile further on is the Ecole de Médecine and on its right a branch street Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine probably gave accommodation to Dr. Manette's house.

So ends the "Fireside Ramble," having included all the principal places mentioned in *A Tale of Two Cities*.

A PICKWICK EXAMINATION PAPER

By S. F. D. HOWARTH

A prize is offered for the first correct solution opened by the Editor on November 15th, but solutions submitted by readers in the United Kingdom must be received by October 1st. No correspondence can be entered into by the Editor with regard to his decision, which must be regarded as final. The key and the name of the winner will be published in the December Number.

1. Describe briefly the contribution made by Mrs. Mudberry to the comfort of her neighbours.
2. What was the name of the person at the Bath "swarry" to whom the chairman was the reverse of deferential? How was the name of his wife revived as that of a celebrated figure mentioned in another of Dickens's works?
3. In connection with whom is whitewash mentioned?
4. To what extent was the King's peace maintained in Ipswich by a popular pastime?
5. Who regretted the omission of what in connection with whose liver?
6. How was the deprivation of the evening paper calculated in the opinion of at least one person as likely to lead to violence?
7. What form of hard labour was advocated by Mr. Weller as an antidote to misdirected missionary effort?
8. Who were regarded by Mr. Pickwick as singularly well behaved and which of them afterwards left for foreign parts?
9. On what occasion was tea ordered unnecessarily, and when was it considered as in danger of causing suicide?
10. Name the person who was described as being unused to the society of ladies. What was his occupation?
11. What journey was undertaken by Tom Smart and his wife?
12. Who besides Mr. Magnus is recorded to have worn blue spectacles?
13. Give the locality and state the time of year calculated to soothe a misanthrope.
14. Who became the father-in-law of the young lady with the black eyes, and where did he first meet her?
15. State the amount of costs in Bardell *v.* Pickwick eventually collected by Messrs. Dodson & Fogg. How were they paid and by whom?
16. Name the occasion when one drinking vessel was the sum total, and shew how the same was supplemented to accommodate the other members of the party.
17. Indicate the risks incurred by Mr. Weller's pocket-book, and how it was at last saved from an untimely end.
18. Mention any occasion when the word "vanity" was used by Mr. Stiggins, and state to whom or what applied.

19. Who threatened to write to the papers anent an apparent slowness of the mails.
20. Although it is recorded that at the trial for breach of promise Mr. Winkle was reduced to a frantic state, on what occasions are we told that he was in the ascendant ?
21. What constituted the refreshment of the Pickwickians at (1) the Great White Horse at Ipswich, and (2) the Old Royal Hotel, Birmingham ?
22. Who was "Number Twenty," and how was his curiosity satisfied on visiting the outside world ? What circumstances gave rise to Sam Weller's expression, "Wheels within wheels" ?
23. By what means was it conjectured that Job Trotter, on his own shewing, might conceivably have bettered his condition ?
24. What was the implication of the expression, "over the left," and by whom was it employed ? State the result of the interview when Mr. Pickwick's room was preferred to his company.
25. Give Sam Weller's description of the Bath waters. What quantity is it recorded that Mr. Pickwick drank daily ?
26. State the number of glasses required at Bob Sawyer's party in Lant Street, and what type of boots were worn by the prim man.
27. What was the occupation of Brown, of Muggleton, and where was his name displayed ?
28. Mention occasions when (1) Mr. Weller, and (2) Mr. Pickwick were entrusted with a mission, and shew how one of them was more remunerative than the other.
29. To what was the word "self-acting" applied ? Describe the circumstances justifying its use, and state its effect.
30. How were the proceedings at the Bath "swarry" enlivened, and what musical instrument was brought into play thereat ?
31. State the prevailing symptoms identifying laundresses, as observed by Sam Weller.
32. What relation of Sam Weller was stated by him to have kept a public-house, and what occasioned his decease ?
33. How many times does the name Martin occur, and who or what was the bearer of the sobriquet "Uncle Tom" ?
34. Give an instance of the sharp practice of Messrs. Dodson & Fogg which called forth professional admiration.
35. What was the age of Mr. Weller as given by him on one occasion ?
36. Of what material were the watches composed of (1) Mr. Weller, and (2) Mr. Smauker ?
37. Give reasons for supposing that Mr. Pickwick was familiar with romantic literature.
38. What sum did Mr. Pickwick promise to give the boy with the basket at the picnic ?

NOTE.—The questions are arranged in relation to editions of the *Pickwick Papers* where the Chapters are numbered to LVII. In the case of editions containing Chapters numbered to LVI, one should be added to each Chapter after XXVIII.

"I WONDER"

BY FRANK J. STAFF

MY appreciation of the works of Charles Dickens was very marked at an early age. It began with a mixed lot of numbers of the Household Edition. In later years, the novels were read with care and greater interest, and re-read. Then, like Alexander sighing for more worlds to conquer, I tackled Forster's "Life of Dickens."

Attracted by the similitude of the early days of the novelist with those of David Copperfield, and wishing to tip-toe in the path taken by my Master, philosopher and friend, I purchased volume by volume the books he loved as a boy: "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," "Humphrey Clinker," "Tom Jones," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Robinson Crusoe," and "The Arabian Nights." On reading "Humphrey Clinker," I was impressed by the

fact that Matthew Bramble and Humphrey were prototypes for Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller. There were also descriptions of Life in Bath, and material suitable for a breach of promise case. The result of my discovery was an article for *The Dickensian* (*vide* October, 1909) accepted by the Editor, the late B. W. Matz, with thanks. The Annual Conference at Birmingham followed later, and on my arrival Mr. Matz said to me: "Young Staff, the Editor of 'The Manchester City News' has read your recent article and wishes to be introduced." Sensation. As a drowning man is presumed to live again the whole of his life before going down for the third time, so in a flash I visualised my glorious future. The life of a writer: a tiny cottage; a pretty garden, not too large; writing only when in the mood; surrounded by my books; and a pipe whilst arranging the programme for the day. Goodbye Accounts Department of an Insurance Brokers' office; Goodbye, Gestapo Chief Accountant. No more Ledgers and Balance Sheets, accounts or figures; only the figures of my Bank passbook to interest me. Mr. J. Cuming Walters of the "Manchester City News." "So you are Mr. Frank Staff. How do you do? I have read your article on Smollett's 'Humphrey Clinker' with great interest; for I had prepared one myself for *The Dickensian* on similar lines, though in many respects, different to yours. You managed to get in first, and I have scrapped my effort. I hope you will enjoy your visit to Birmingham." Smilingly we parted. Well, it was not so much what he said but the somewhat unpleasant way he said it, and I am still working on Ledgers and Accounts.

Then Edwin Pugh published a book on "Charles Dickens's Originals." Vastly interesting. About a dozen old gentlemen, with ages ranging from 70 to 80 years, wrote to the newspapers claiming to be the office boy in the office where Dickens worked as a Lawyer's Clerk. Letters appeared in *The Dickensian* on the subject of Originals, and "Othello's occupation gone." I, of course, being Othello for the moment.

Later, knowing how Dickens loved the theatre and stage plays, I added to my Library, and commenced to study the plays of Richard B. Sheridan. How many Dickensians have read "The Duenna"?

In Act II, scene 4, Isaac Mendoza has the following lines. "Ha! Ha! I'm a cunning dog, an't I? A sly little villain, eh? Roguish you'll say, but keen, eh? Devilish keen?" Does this remind you of a character in *Dombey and Son*? Did it suggest to Mr. Dickens, mannerisms for that ponderous old egotist Major Joey B.? I wonder.

Everything regarding the original of Miss Havisham has been written, or has it? In the November number for 1906 there appears a letter from a correspondent in Sydney telling us that an Australian member once met Charles Dickens and gave him the details of a heart-broken lady, who never discarded the wedding dress that was to have been worn on her wedding day. Her lover failed her and she wore the dress until her death. This incident was later used for the tragic figure in *Great Expectations*. That seems final, does it not? No further argument is needed. In May, 1914, and April, 1925, there were letters to the Editor giving details of modern originals of Miss Havisham. Now, as a student of the Novels and I trust a discerning student, was it necessary for the character of Miss Havisham to be suggested by a woman? Has there never been a man, heartbroken through a similar tragedy?

Listen, or rather, read on. Nathaniel Bentley (Nathaniel not Daniel) was the proprietor of a hardware shop in Leadenhall Street, London. It was left to him by his father, and must have been at one time a prosperous concern, as Bentley senior kept his carriage, and had a house in the country. The son was given a good education but

treated in somewhat tyrannical manner by his father, he left home. By the death of his father in 1760, he came into possession of the business, and being of an eccentric turn of mind, he journeyed to Paris for a holiday, leaving the shop in the care of a manager. At that period he dressed well and was at one time called the Beau of Leadenhall Street. The house must have been a very attractive residence at that time. Report has it that the ceilings were elegant and the woodwork showed good workmanship. The furniture was tasteful and luxurious. Later there was one room which was locked up and remained so until the expiry of the lease : and here is the story. Bentley was engaged to be married to a young and beautiful girl, and prior to the performance of the wedding ceremony, he had invited friends and some of the lady's relatives to a sumptuous entertainment. He was awaiting the arrival of his intended bride when a messenger arrived with the news of her sudden death. The intelligence had such an effect upon him that he closed the room and resolved that it should never be opened again.

He lived alone and allowed the house to fall into a neglected and filthy condition. The shop became known as the " Dirty Warehouse," and he was named " Dirty Dick." Many strange stories could be told of Bentley's life at this stage and for many years afterwards, but might appear irrelevant to the subject under discussion. On the expiration of his lease in 1802, he remained a tenant until 1804, when the house was given up and was found to be in an unbelievably dirty condition. He had lived in Leadenhall Street for about 40 years. He then took a house in Jewry Street, Aldgate. After three years, he had notice to quit, and then went to live in Leonard Street, Shoreditch. He possessed about £1,400 after disposing of his stock, and of the greater part of this money he was robbed by a female servant. This fact caused him to leave London and wander to the North. Eventually he arrived at Haddington in Scotland where he contracted a fever and subsequently died in 1809. Nathaniel Bentley did not turn vintner at any time, and there is no evidence that he ever resided at Bishopsgate Street.

A hostelry in Bishopsgate Street, nearly opposite to where the " Sir Paul Pindar " once stood, is supposed to have been the residence of " Dirty Dick " for many years, and I have seen in the basement bar of the house, mummified cats and rats, presumed to have been taken from the banquet chamber. The legend, however, is just clever showmanship on the part of a shrewd licensee, and is on a par with the astute move made by Poole, the wastepaper merchant, of Portugal Street, Holborn, who caused to be painted on his quaint and picturesque shop, " The Old Curiosity Shop, immortalised by Charles Dickens."

Should any reader desire fuller details of this strange character, I refer him, or her, to Timbs' " Romance of London," and " The Dirty Old Man : A Lay of Leadenhall," by William Allingham, published in *Household Words* for January 8th, 1853. A reprint of this, with the secondary title altered to *A Legend of Bishopsgate*, used to be distributed at the tavern, but Bentley undoubtedly lived in Leadenhall Street, once very picturesque, as early nineteenth century prints show. It had peculiar attractions for Dickens. He made it the home of Sol Gills ; and Captain Cuttle and Mr. Toots were visitors to the instrument maker's shop, as were many of the characters in *Dombey and Son*. In the vicinity were Bevis Marks and St. Mary Axe, figuring largely in *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Our Mutual Friend* respectively.

Remembering how Dickens was fascinated by eccentric characters, he must have known all the details appertaining to Nathaniel Bentley, doubtless made a note of them, and later used them in making up the tragic history of Miss Havisham. I wonder.

"PHIZ" WITHOUT SPARKLE

By JOHN N. B. MILLICAN

ALMOST pleasing post-war reform would be the complete elimination of the illustrations by Hablôt K. Browne (and Cruikshank as well, for that matter) from new editions of Dickens's works. It is remarkable how these drawings have clung so tenaciously to the master of English novelists, a permanent burden on his shoulders, and indeed been regarded by many to be quite inseparable from him; for not one jot can be added by them to his great reputation or to his well-deserved popularity in all parts of the world. But reproductions keep re-appearing just as if they were an essential feature of the stories they claim to embellish and not merely a species of literary barnacle, void alike of serious intrinsic merit and aesthetic beauty.

To move the ejection of "Phiz" and his works from the Dickensian world would undoubtedly meet with opposition from some Dickens enthusiasts, but in any case it is not they who are affected by what may be considered the main disadvantage of such illustrations, viz., the discouragement of Dickens's influence among the lower intellectual grades of the reading public. Many might cry, in an excess of sentiment, "Fiddlesticks! 'Phiz' is as Dickensian as Mr. Pickwick himself!" but they would be doing a disservice to their favourite writer if they did, and by inference be claiming that they did not wish to see the scope of his influence widened and the numbers of his genuine admirers increased. Such an inference would scarcely do them justice, yet it is as well to emulate Dickens himself and consider the needs of all classes.

In these days of universal education there is a vast section of the reading public which does not belong to the "literary aristocracy," whose members were not introduced to the works of Charles Dickens at a fairly early age either by enthusiastic parents or by the better sort of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. It is they who are discouraged from ever starting to read him, principally because the illustrations are unattractive Victorian caricatures and suggest that the stories are unattractive Victorian caricatures too. It is they who are led to believe, through the unlovely drawings they are wont to find, that Dickens was a rather boring nineteenth-century fashionable writer (great, of course, because everybody says so) and not an artist whose warm sympathy and universal outlook will endear him to human hearts for all time. Whereas the existence of such opinions may be deplored, it cannot be denied. And if we are completely unprejudiced can we censure with too much severity those who hold them? The first thing anyone does with a book is to look at the pictures in it, and they are bound to make a vivid impression. With the less determined type of mind they may at once affect the actual decision as to whether the book is to be read or not, and even the most cultivated person will be influenced in some measure by them. It is true that patient reading of the first two or three pages of a Dickens novel would dispel (in most cases) any unhappy forebodings about it, but very often the approach is not made until the bias has been weakened through the efforts of some intelligent adviser, and if no such adviser is forthcoming then Dickens is deprived of one more enthusiast, and the non-starter deprived of a life-long good companion and sympathetic friend.

Publishers tell us that the designs on dust-covers have a distinct bearing on the sales of works of fiction. In other words, a great number of readers judge by a pictorial impression. This regrettable weakness in human nature is not confined in its application to third-rate fiction, but applies to the first-rate as well; thus, when the famous novels of

the last century are illustrated in fashions which appeal primarily to the public of a bygone age, it is clear that the popularity of the novels with the general reader is apt to be seriously hampered. According to the ideas of these days the " Phiz " drawings are so dull, so obviously " dated " with the stamp of a period that is commonly regarded as rather austere and unhappy, that they are considered with singular disfavour and suspicion, in which the author of the stories they illustrate must inevitably share.

It could be urged with justification that the general reader's reactions can hardly be considered a sound criterion on artistic matters of any sort. That, however, is a secondary point. The principal objection to " Phiz " is his inevitable juxtaposition to Dickens, his influence upon people's judgment as to what Dickens wrote about and how he wrote it. And in regard to this the views of the general reader are quite a good indication that there is something wrong. Suppose for a moment that you had never in your life read any of Dickens's novels or is such a hypothesis too far-fetched ? What would you imagine as you examined the pictures almost invariably to be found in any good edition ? Surely you would believe that the characterisation, far from being among the most beautiful in the world's literature, would be mainly caricaturing, that the *dramatis personae* would probably be grotesque and horrible marionettes, not real men and women with emotions, fears, humour, like ourselves ? Surely you would imagine that the tales were likely to be as dull and depressing as the over-detailed drawings which forced their hideousness on your attention, and that since in a few minutes of observing you had lost all your sparkle and brightness, you would have little desire to spend many hours in company with the author in case the depression became chronic ? You would see misshapen women and peculiar men, and would be justified in thinking that every character in the story would be similarly unpleasing. Imagine then your surprise (being intelligent enough to start reading the book in spite of the illustrations) that what appeared to " Phiz " as an incredibly strange-looking female is described by Dickens as a really beautiful young woman, melting the hearts of all she met, and that what is depicted as a spindly-legged monstrosity in a top hat is held in the accompanying story to be a good specimen of masculine beauty. You would certainly cease to take such misleading illustrations seriously, and though you might become tolerant towards them for the sake of the novelist himself, you would nevertheless regard them as something quite outside the reality of the book, as addenda whose exclusion would not be unduly regretted, and which were there because nobody can remember a time when they were not there.

The deterring effects of the " Phiz " style of drawings in Dickens's works are, however, especially noticeable on the children of to-day. In children's eyes it is something to hold against an author that there are in the bookcase a number of shining books, bound exactly alike, occupying a whole row to themselves ; this tends to make him unapproachable. But his unapproachableness is confirmed immediately upon taking one or two of the volumes down and looking into them. The illustrations are macabre and unpleasant—here is a condemned criminal awaiting execution, and here a little girl lying dead—and such as would lead the sensitive child to put them back with a shudder. They belong to that terrifying world that is associated with the Ingoldsby Legends and " Alice in Wonderland " ! This is certainly a false impression of the stories themselves, but none the less powerful, and one that is not eradicated by the older generation's constantly remarking how fine the novels are. It is an impression due entirely to the illustrator and not in fact connected with the author at all, but

once formed it remains for a long time. It is a great pity, for it is never too early in life to make the acquaintance of a great writer, and the sweetness and sympathy of Dickens towards the poor and unfortunate, together with his fine appreciation of nobility of character, are of tremendous educative value to the young reader.

The humorous characters in Dickens are vivid but not overdrawn ; colourful, but not unreal. Yet, unfortunately, many persons whose discernment is not good prove that they are victimised by " Phiz " and his colleagues by contending that Dickens is given to frightful exaggeration. This is, of course, to mistake accurate and detailed description for exaggeration, or perhaps to assume without any real knowledge that Dickens depicts his subjects with the same lack of proportion as " Phiz " depicts them, an obviously absurd assumption. The characters are the fruits of a particularly great gift of observation, and although the author's imagination has been given free rein in creating them, they still remain real people, whom you might meet face to face any time of the day. You cannot easily visit a barrister's chambers in the Inner Temple without being shown in by a Young Smallweed of sorts, or a solicitor's office in Finsbury Square without coming into contact with a Mr. Guppy or two. And in fact the Dickens enthusiast cannot easily prevent himself from remarking similarities in City types to the originals in the novels. But it is the personality that he recognises ; he never sees anything like the " Phiz " concepts of the Smallweeds and Guppies of London. Difference of dress and period alone would make that difficult, even if the unreality of the drawings did not make it quite impossible.

Why, then, should a reader be burdened with an illustrator's idea as to what appearance the character should present ? Why should he have a preconceived Weller or a prefabricated Micawber ? One of the beauties of literature is that the reader's imagination enables him to have an entirely individual concept of the character described, in the forming of which his own experience and interest in life play a principal part. A drawing is only one man's view, and even though in some instances it might be good, it is undesirable that it should circulate with the book itself, limiting the scope of the reader's own imagination and directing his ideas into prepared channels.

It is true that this criticism might be made of illustrations in general, and not necessarily of " Phiz " in particular. But Dickens has been singularly unfortunate in the limited variety of his artists. No other author has been saddled with so much illustration, and that of a type which merits only ephemeral notoriety at the best. The works of one who understood human nature as thoroughly as Dickens did remain as fresh and vital to-day as the day they were completed, for human nature does not change. But fashions in illustration undergo material changes ; and in a period like this, when the art of photography has made pictures of one form or another the most trivial of everyday sights, the bizarre illustration of fiction can hardly be said either to meet any need or to add any colour to our lives. Modern novelists are usually granted immunity from the embarrassment of illustration, but if the preparation of special editions call for pictures they are nearly always restricted to coloured reproductions of beautiful paintings of scenery in which the action is set, a practice which can do no harm and which might even enhance the general beauty of a book. At any rate the story is never spoilt for the reader by this means, for the characters are not imagined for him nor are vital points of the plot given away merely because the dramatic situations have appealed as a subject to the artist. But " Phiz " offends in both these particulars. He thrusts his strange ideas upon us without restraint, and does not hesitate to let us know what is going to happen next by depicting it, if he chooses.

Perhaps the publishers ignore this last point on the grounds that so many readers are quite familiar with the plots of Dickens's novels and many perhaps (including a few feminine readers) cannot resist the temptation to glance forward in order to find out how the exciting parts of the plot are resolved ; nevertheless, from the standpoint of drama it is much to the disadvantage of the author.

Let " Phiz " illustrate (if we must have him) the scenes that form a background for the complex action of a Dickens story—the City, the slum, a stage-coach on the road, the drawing-room, the bar parlour—but let him not, as far as future editions are concerned, impose so many of his distorted effusions upon the unwilling gaze of readers. It cannot go on for ever. Let us remove these drag-chains from the popularity of the greatest of our novelists among those who do not yet know the joy of his acquaintance—the children and young people and the mass of the general reading public, whose counterparts in Dickens's own time perhaps could not read at all and whose welfare would always have had his deepest consideration.

NOTES ON *LITTLE DORRIT*

By T. W. HILL

Introduction

IN 1847 Dickens confided to John Forster the details of his boyhood, although these revelations were quite unknown to his wife and children until after his death in 1870. Among his reminiscences was the fact that his father had been arrested for debt and imprisoned in the Marshalsea. Both in *David Copperfield*, written in 1849-50, and in *Little Dorrit*, written in 1855-57, this episode was reproduced with some particularity but in *David Copperfield* the recollection was too close to the relevation for him to mention the correct place of incarceration, so Micawber had to go to the King's Bench prison instead of to the Marshalsea. Five years later when *Little Dorrit* was undertaken, time had possibly healed the wound or at any rate it was concealed by only a scar and he felt able to consign Mr. Dorrit to the Marshalsea, of which Dickens's knowledge was exact and vivid (see note 1 to Chapter VI of Book I). The prison is indeed the centre round which the whole plot revolves ; Dorrit spends nearly twenty years there and then towards the end of the story the hero of the tale, Arthur Clennam, becomes a prisoner within its walls.

The topographical notes deal, as usual in this series, with a London that is past.

Among the many friends who have helped with information and suggestions I would specially mention Lt. Col. W. M. H. Spiller, late R.A.M.C., to whose professional knowledge I am indebted with reference to the note on the deaths of William and Frederick Dorrit.

Notes

BOOK I

Chapter I

1. CICALA. The same as cicada, an insect resembling a grasshopper.

2. STRACHINO CHEESE. An excellent and very soft kind of cheese made in the North of Italy. " It is softer than cream cheese and the taste is better than the smell which is rank and oppressive " (G. Downes).

3. DEATH OF MY LIFE. A literal translation of the French expletive " mort de ma vie." Several instances of these literal English renderings occur in the book : they represent Dickens's way of giving verisimilitude to Mr. Rigaud's (Blandois's) conversation.

4. COMPAGNON DE LA MAJOLAINE. A full account of this roundelay, together with the music, is given in *The Dickensian*, 1909, page 41, and 1928, page 157. Majolaine is correctly Marjolaine, the French name of the English pot-herb marjoram.

5. CIGARETTES. At the period of the story, 1826 (see Book I, Chapter XVIII, note 8) cigarettes were almost unknown in England, and even on the Continent were not common; Napoleon's soldiers at the siege of Acre in 1799 invented, as an expedient in the absence of pipes and cigars, the system of rolling tobacco into a thin paper wrapper. Thence the habit spread through Russia to Western Europe.

CHAPTER II

1. MRS. MEAGLES. The ages of the various characters in the book are worth noting: Mrs. Meagles, 55; Pet, 20; Arthur Clennam, 40; Tatty-coram, 17/18; Little Dorrit, 22; Tip, 25½; Fanny, 24½; Maggy, 28; Plornish, 30; Flora, 38; Blandois, 35.

2. RICH BROWN HAIR. Pet was a lovely girl "with rich brown hair hanging free in natural ringlets." Was Dickens thinking of his own head in his younger days, when, Forster says, he had "rich brown hair in most luxuriant abundance"?

3. NO GLASS SLIPPER. Dickens has not got far in his new book before including an allusion to a fairy-tale, this time Cinderella.

4. NAME OF CORAM. Thomas Coram, a ship's captain (1668-1751). Best known as a philanthropist who, besides being a trustee of the State of Georgia (U.S.A.) founded the Foundling Hospital in 1741 in Guilford Street, London. He was buried in the hospital chapel. The buildings were demolished in 1926, and Coram's remains were removed to the present hospital at Berkhampstead. Coram's association with London is perpetuated in Great Coram Street.

5. INKING AND SANDING. Before the introduction of absorbent blotting-paper, dry sand was sprinkled from a case something like a pepper-box, over ink writing to get rid of superfluous moisture. J. A. Froude says, in one of his lectures (1892): "Often I have found [in dust-covered despatches] the sand glittering on the ink where it had been sprinkled when a page was turned. There the latter had lain, never looked at again since it was read and put away."

CHAPTER III

1. UGLY SOUTH SEA GODS. In the British Museum there are many specimens of idols from the various groups of islands in the Pacific Ocean, but this reference may be specifically to the images from Easter Island which, when Dickens was writing *Little Dorrit*, had recently been added to the National Collection.

2. BLUE-EYED MAID. This coach is mentioned again in the *Uncommercial Traveller* (Dullborough Town). It was owned by Tamplin the coach proprietor, and got its name from the Blue-Eyed Maid Tavern in the Borough (C. G. Harper).

3. THE CALENDER'S STORY. In the "Arabian Nights." A calender (Hindustani *galandar*) was one of the classes of dervishes.

4. DEADLY SEWER. This epithet for the once "silvery Thames" shews the shocking state to which the river had come. It is much improved now, though still full of impurities, as the drainage system was thoroughly overhauled, co-ordinated and reconstructed by Sir Joseph Bazalgette in 1859, and the London drains now discharge into the Thames fourteen miles below London Bridge.

5. FROCK AND DRAWERS. Boy children up to four or five years of age used to be clad in short frocks with drawers shewing below. We know better now.

6. LAMPLIGHTER. Gas and oil street lamps had to have daily attention, and each separate light was lit every night at sunset and extinguished every morning about sunrise. A lamplighter's "walk" was from two-and-a-half to three miles with a stoppage every few dozen yards to climb his ladder, attend to the light, and descend again.

7. MORE CROOKEDLY AND CLOSELY. Many of the narrow and crooked streets and alleys in this district were swept away in the years following the period of the story, consequent on the building of new London Bridge in

1824-31 ; and subsequent City improvements such as King William Street, 1829, Arthur Street and Monument Street, 1835, Queen Street Extension, 1846, Cannon Street Reconstruction, 1853, Queen Victoria Street, 1861, and Cannon Street Station, 1865.

8. BELZONI. Giovanni Battista Belzoni, 1778-1823, a " strong man " and " weight lifter " of Herculean proportions (he was 6 ft. 6 ins. tall) who became an explorer in Egypt. Several of his finds are in the British Museum, in addition to the famous sarcophagus of Seti I in the Sloane Museum, Lincoln Inn Fields.

9. FESTOONED JACK TOWELS AND CHILDREN'S HEADS WITH WATER ON THE BRAIN. Dickens's facetious description of the rococo sculptured door-heads and architraves so fashionable in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

10. PORT, LEMON, SUGAR AND SPICE, IN HOT WATER. Very delicious, no doubt, but it does not seem an ideal treatment for rheumatism. Nevertheless, there is no indication in the story that Mrs. Clennam's complaint shewed any tendency to disappear.

Chapter IV

1. CABBAGE-HEADED CANDLE. The old tallow candles, if left unsnuffed, always formed these so-called cabbage heads at the end of the wick in the flame. The improved manufacture, with wax or spermaceti, together with finer wicks, caused less carbonization and waste ; snuffers became unnecessary and are now only found in curio cabinets.

2. ALL FRIENDS ROUND ST. PAUL'S. A sort of bond between conspirators and coteries to ensure secrecy as well as candid speaking : " We are all friends round [wherever it may be]." It derives from an old-established saying from Shropshire : " All friends round the Wrekin." The Wrekin is an isolated hill which dominates the county and as a toast has an especial significance to the rather clannish Salopians. In " The Way of the World " (1700) by William Congreve (1670-1729) it is used thus : " You could intreat to be remembered then to your friends round the Rekin." In 1706 George Farquhar (1678-1707) dedicated " The Recruiting Officer " " to all friends round the Wrekin."

Chapter V

1. BLACK FIGURES, BLACK GARLANDS. Carved and plaster decorations round the frames of the large pier-glasses. They were of course not black, being usually gilded, but has acquired the blackness by constant tarnishing of the gold.

Chapter VI

1. MARSHALSEA. The Marshalsea Prison was so called as it was the jail attached originally (temp. Ed. III) to the Marshalsea Court established by the Earl Marshal of England for the trial of servants of the Royal Household. The Marshalsea Court became known later as The Palace Court and all the attorneys practising there had their chambers in Clifford's Inn. At first the Marshalsea stood about halfway between St. George's Church and London Bridge, was removed in 1780 to the site now occupied by its vestiges still remaining, became the prison for political offenders and in its later years for debtors (hence the confinement of Mr. Dorrit), and was finally closed in 1849. It may be remembered that in Lillo's tragedy, " George Barnwell " was confined in the Marshalsea. See the Preface for Dickens's own account of his visit to the site in later years. The descriptions in this and later chapters of the book are from Dickens's first-hand knowledge, as his father John Dickens was here from February 20th to May 24th, 1824, and this three months' detention provided the material for Mr. Dorrit's experiences of over twenty years. See also an article by G. F. Young. *Dickensian*, 1932, p. 219.

2. TRULY BRITISH OCCASION. An excellent but rather cynical introduction to the scathing exposures of Circumlocution methods later in the book.

3. RIGHT LITTLE, TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND. An epithet for Great Britain from the song " The Island " by Charles Dibdin (1745-1814).

4. CORNER-PIN. The cornerpin is the skittle standing in the forefront of the nine " pins " of the game. Its importance lies in the fact that if it be struck on a certain spot in a certain way it will cause all the pins to fall at one blow.

5. ANY LITTLE STICKS ? That is "sticks of furniture," a cant phrase for the less important fittings of a home. Poor Mr. Dorrit, ever dignified, expected a "few necessary articles" by the carrier.

6. ALL-FOURS. A card game (Johnson calls it "a low game") in which the score is reckoned from four chances or points, High, Low, Jack and Game. Very suitable for the inmates of a prison as it can be played by two or four people.

7. SEA-JACKET. What is now called a "reefer-coat." Dickens himself was partial to this nautical style of double-breasted jacket.

8. PAUNCH TRADE. The paunch or stomach of cattle and sheep was sold to purveyors of cats'- and dogs'-meat. Hence the paunch trade means the cats'-meat stalls.

9. GALLIPOTS. Glazed earthenware jars for medicines and preserves that got their curious name by a corruption of the Dutch word gleypot (gloip meaning pottery). John Stow says gallipots were introduced into England by some potters from Antwerp who settled in Norwich in 1570.

10. TOP-SAWYER. The sawyer who takes the upper stand in a saw-pit and draws higher wages : hence, figuratively, one who holds a higher position, or a first-rate man in any line. In *Oliver Twist* Fagin refers to the Artful Dodger as "always top-sawyer among you all."

11. CHANGE . . . NINEPENCE SHORT. The customary price for a tot of spirits was threepence, so that Mrs. Bangham had indulged in three three-pennyworths' of gin (her favourite beverage) before she returned from her errand. No wonder she was comatose on the pavement with her purchases spilt.

CHAPTER VII

1. HARDBAKE. At one time a popular sweetmeat with the young, consisting of a dark-coloured toffee with halves of bleached almonds lying on the surface. Now unfortunately ousted by "French Almond Rock."

2. SET TO HIS CREDITORS. A remarkable passage, using figuratively the terminology of the nineteenth century ballroom to illustrate the progress of a bankrupt through the Courts. All the terms (set to, lead off, turn, right and left) were current when "square" dances such as the Minuet, Quadrilles, Lancers, etc., were fashionable. The kit mentioned was the small fiddle, about eighteen inches long, carried by the dancing-master so that he could play and teach at the same time.

3. PALACE COURT. "One of a considerable list of everlasting bulwarks to the dignity and safety of Albion, whose places know them no more." (See Book I, Chapter VI, Note 1.)

4. CLIFFORD'S INN. In Fleet Street ; formerly one of the nine Inns of Chancery (the oldest of them), dating from the fourteenth century. Here the attorneys attached to the Palace Court had their chambers (see Book I, Chapter VI, Note 1). Clifford's Inn was the home of the Dickens Fellowship from 1916 to 1925, and was demolished in 1934.

5. MOCK AUCTION IN MOORFIELDS. The site, now covered by Finsbury Circus, was not finally built over until the middle of the nineteenth century. The space was the scene of outdoor preachers, fairs and other public amusements including hucksters' stalls at which meretricious jewellery, etc., was sold by mock auction, that is, by forcing up the price of the articles with the help of an accomplice in the crowd. Tip was evidently one of those accomplices who worked on a small commission. (A "mock or false auction" should not be confounded with a "dutch auction" in which the goods are put up at a price above their value and gradually lowered till a bid is offered for them.)

6. PIOUS FRAUD. A fraud must always be wrong and therefore cannot be pious. The term has however become current when it covers a venial offence done with good intent.

CHAPTER VIII

1. GROG FOR LADIES . . . HOT AND STRONG AND PLENTY OF IT. The fashion of giving ladies during the evening a glass of hot spirits (gin for preference) and water with a lump of sugar and a slice of lemon, has died out, but the writer remembers in his grandfather's house the tumblers each on one gouty leg, and the glass sugar-crushers, being regularly put out. Grog is properly rum-and-water and gets its name from Admiral Vernon who

about 1745 ordered the sailors' rum to be diluted. As Admiral Vernon usually wore a grogram (Fr. grosgrain) cloak his men nicknamed him Old Grog and then applied the term to their rum ration.

2. MARSHAL. Apparently a complimentary name for the Governor of the Prison, probably invented by the prisoners (who called themselves "Collegians") to preserve their own sense of dignity.

3. HEALTHY, WEALTHY AND WISE. The facetious use to which the well-known saying is put, reminds us that it owes its origin to Sir Anthony FitzHerbert (1470-1538). In his book on "Husbandry" he writes: "Erly rysyng maketh a man hole in body, holer in sole, and rycher in goodes." The modern form of the proverb appears in 1639 in J. Clarke's "Paræon."

CHAPTER IX

1. EQUINOCTIAL GALES. Strong winds are sometimes prevalent about the times of the equinoxes in March and September: hence their name. There does not seem sufficient scientific evidence for their specific occurrence, and very often they do not appear. The term belongs to weather-lore and remains in colloquial vocabulary.

2. RAG FAIR. A name bestowed on Rosemary Lane, renamed in 1850 Royal Mint Street. The site of the old Rag Fair, so-called from the class of trade transacted there, is now covered by railway depôts.

3. IRON BRIDGE. "Quiet as open country." London and Waterloo Bridges are of stone, and when the first Southwark Bridge was built in 1815-1819 of iron it naturally received its popular name: it was rebuilt in 1921, still of iron. It has never been so much used as the other bridges and is still comparatively quiet, although to describe it nowadays as "quiet as open country" would be an exaggeration. Perhaps its neglect as a thoroughfare was partly due to the fact that it was a toll-bridge. (See Book I, Chapter XVIII, Note 6.)

4. BEAU NASH. Richard Nash (1674-1762): educated at Jesus College, Oxford. In 1704 he became Master of the Ceremonies at Bath. He was a great dandy and lived sumptuously and ostentatiously on the proceeds of his gambling; he used to travel in a post-chariot with six greys, with outriders, footmen, etc. Exceedingly generous, he ended his life in poverty and at his death was accorded a public funeral. Angelo Cyrus Bantam in *Pickwick Papers* is probably founded on Nash's foibles; at the time the actual M.C. was a Mr. Jervois.

5. BLEEDING HEART YARD. The yard behind the inn of the same name, in Charles Street, Hatton Garden. The name dates from Pre-Reformation times and recalls many such religious inn signs of the same period, *e.g.* Lamb and Flag, Lion and Lamb, Catherine Wheel, etc. The Bleeding Heart is the representation of the five Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary, viz., the heart of the Holy Virgin pierced with five swords.

CHAPTER X

1. FINGER IN THE LARGEST PIE. This expression for meddling or interfering is more than four hundred years old. In "Parival's Iron Age" (1659), by B. Harris, one of the characters says: "Lusatia must need, forsooth, have her Finger in the Pye."

2. MINIATURE TURNPIKE GATES. These little five-barred gates in the centre of tiny palings round window-boxes can still be occasionally seen at cottage windows.

3. NOBS . . . SNOBS. An incidental and convenient antithesis. Nob is a contraction of nobleman: snob is a slang term of obscure origin (perhaps from Norse snápr, a charlatan) for a shoe-repairer; usually colloquial, it has passed into literature for a person who aspires to associate with those of superior rank. In some colleges, those who were not of noble birth were entered on the books as "s. nob." (*sine nobilitate*) but this is probably a mere coincidence.

4. NEWGATE CALENDAR. "The Newgate Calendar" or "Malefactors' Bloody Register" was published in five volumes in 1773-74 and contained accounts of notorious crimes from 1770 to the date of publication. Four more volumes were issued in 1824-26. "It was read, mostly by the respectable, almost out of existence." Although the Calendar ceased so long ago, its name has passed into common use for a list of crimes.

Chapter XII

1. ROYAL HUNTING SEATS. The old rustic road mentioned was Theobalds Road leading by way of Clerkenwell to Theobalds in Hertfordshire where James I had a hunting Lodge.

2. LEGEND OF THE BLEEDING HEART. Dickens's ingenious suggestion of a romantic legend is a tribute to the sentimentalism of the inhabitants, and has no foundation; it is certainly not drawn from the story of Lady Hatton, afterwards Lady Coke, who died at Ely Place close by. R. H. Barham in the "Ingoldsby Legends" (1841) has one called "The House-warming: a Legend of Bleeding Heart Yard" but this deals with the spiriting away of Lady Hatton by a diabolical visitation, and will not bear Dickens's refrain: "Bleeding Heart, Bleeding Heart, bleeding away."

3. SALLY. Mr. Plornish must, later in the book, have forgotten his wife's name as in Book II, Chapter XIII, the initials over Happy Cottage are "T. and M. Plornish" and in Chapter XXVII she is called Mary.

4. CHAUNTER. A slang term for a horse-coper or fraudulent dealer; cope has an obsolete meaning of exchange.

Chapter XIII

1. FAMILIARITY HAD BRED THE PROVERBIAL RESULT. A paraphrase of the proverb that familiarity breeds contempt which can be traced in essence back to Livy. Chaucer in "Melibeus" (1593) has the same idea: "For right as men seyn, that 'over greet homlenesse engendreth dispreysinge' so fareth it by to greet humylitee or mekenesse," and a little later G. Harvey (1600) writes: "Truth begetteth hatred; vertue Envy; Familiaritie cõtempt." Shakespeare may have provided the original idea in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act I, Scene 1: "I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt."

2. BLOOD OUT OF THE STONES. A well-known saying that seems to derive from Greene's "George a Greene," a drama: "Faith, I see it is hard to get water out of a flint, as to get him to have a bout with me." Blood takes the place of water in a proverb from the Italian (1666) "There's no getting of bloud out of that wall." Dickens uses the expression in *David Copperfield*, Chapter XI: "Blood cannot be obtained from a stone, neither can anything on account be obtained from Mr. Micawber."

3. CASBY LIVED IN A STREET. "There is no such place in that part now." That sentence shows that Dickens does not intend it to be identified, but it is a fact that the neighbourhood was largely rebuilt in the middle of the nineteenth century. The valley mentioned in the text is that of the Fleet, now in a culvert.

4. MUTES IN THE EASTERN MANNER. The eunuchs, emasculated attendants of the harem, often had their tongue cut out to prevent any chance of their divulging the secrets of their master's household.

5. WIDE-SKIRTED BOTTLE-GREEN COAT. The precursor of the frock coat; it had a decided waist.

6. LIKE ROBINSON CRUSOE'S MONEY. The reference is to Chapter IV of Defoe's romance: "I smiled to myself at the sight of this money—'Oh drug,' said I, aloud, 'what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, no, not the taking off of the ground; one of these knives is worth all this heap; I have no manner of use for thee: ever remain where thou art, and go to the bottom, as a creature whose life is not worth saving.'" Dickens omits the next sentence: on second thoughts Crusoe "took it away, wrapping all this in a piece of canvas."

7. MOTHER-OF-PEARL FISH. These little fish-shaped pieces of mother-of-pearl were used as counters for card games instead of coins in the family circle. They may still be occasionally seen exposed for sale in curiosity shops, or preserved in family cabinets.

8. FEET SCREWED BACK. The custom of foot-binding in China for women was never enforced on the very poor or on servants. It has been practised for about 1400 years but in recent times has been rapidly dying out and is now almost unknown.

9. PAUL AND VIRGINIA. An idyll of sentimental love growing up unconsciously in two unspoilt natures amid pastoral surroundings, forming the fourth volume of "Etudes de la Nature" (1788) by Jacques Henri Bernardin Saint-Pierre (1737-1814). Its popularity spread rapidly across

Europe and it was translated into all the European languages including Russian.

10. ALL THE WAY TO SCOTLAND. This does not necessarily mean a journey to Gretna Green, but only implies that the marriage laws north of the Tweed are somewhat different from those of England and are accompanied by fewer formalities.

11. AS READY TO APPEAR AS CALAMITY HERSELF. Calamity is disaster or dire misery usually unexpected, so Dickens defies it in a figurative sense.

CHAPTER XV

1. COOL HIS SPLEEN. When temperament was supposed to be governed by the "humours" of the various internal organs, the spleen was the source of bad temper and spite. To cool the spleen is to become calm and forgiving.

CHAPTER XVI

1. TWICKENHAM VIA FULHAM AND PUTNEY. A distance of about fifteen miles, say four hours' walk by way of Piccadilly, Brompton Road, Putney Heath, and then across Richmond Park to Petersham to the tow-path to get the ferry across the Thames close to Meagles's house which must have been in one of the small turnings off Riverside; but Clennam "had plenty of unsettled subjects to meditate upon though he had been walking to the Land's End."

2. AMIABLE CORSAIR. Mr. Meagles had collector's mania—a harmless pursuit—and the catalogue of the "infinite variety of lumber" accumulated by such a man is a tribute to Dickens's acute observation and accurate memory. The description of Mr. Meagles as an amiable pirate plundering the curiosity shops at every place he visited is very apt, as is also the extravagant preciousness of every article and his pride in his possession.

3. CATCH 'EM ALIVE OH. Sticky fly-papers used to be sold by peripatetic merchants who often had a specimen of their wares wrapped round their hats with the sticky side out and generally covered by entrapped flies in various stages of buzz. The street-cry of these men was "Catch-'em-alive-oh!"

4. GUERCINO. Giovanni Francesco Barbieri (1590-1666). Nicknamed Guercino "The squint-eyed." Established a school of painting at Bologna, 1642.

5. SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO. Sebastiano Luciani (1485-1547). Called Piombo as he became Sealer of Papal Briefs to Pope Clement VIII.

6. ALL FRIENDS HERE. See Book I, Chapter IV, Note 2.

7. BUCHAN'S DOMESTIC MEDICINE. The most popular book of its kind ever published (1769); 800,000 copies were sold in the author's lifetime. Dr. William Buchan (1729-1778) also wrote books on diet, cold bathing, and motherhood.

CHAPTER XVII

1. CHURCH CLOCK. Twickenham Church is only a few yards from the ferry.

2. MIGHT, COULD, WOULD, SHOULD. A quotation from Lindley Murray's Grammar. Dickens never forgot the early grinding he had had at school in the rules of grammar. Syntax, accidence and parsing were all quite familiar to him as is shewn by the many references to them in his books.

3. FROM KINGSTON. Gowan came "by the pleasant towing-path" for about three miles.

4. WON'T SET IT ON FIRE. "To set the Thames on fire" is an old expression applied to one who lacks energy and initiative. Samuel Foote (1720-1777) uses it in "A Trip to Calais": "Matt Minikin won't set fire to the Thames though he lives near the bridge." The cockney addition: "and put it out with straw" does not add to the force of the jibe. Brewer explains that the saying may be derived from "temse" the sieve used for corn, the wooden hoop of which might be set on fire by the vigour with which the instrument is moved; but modern scholars do not accept this suggestion.

5. APARTMENTS IN THE PALACE. The part of the Royal Palace at Hampton Court open to visitors is largely the portion that was rebuilt by Wren in 1689-1718. The older, Tudor, portion built by Wolsey in 1515 has, since the reign of George II, who was the last sovereign to live here, been bestowed "by grace and favour" upon distinguished servants of the

Crown. Mrs. Gowan was the widow of one of these distinguished persons, a "Commissioner of nothing particular somewhere or other," and may be counted fortunate.

6. WORN-OUT OLD COFFIN. An analogy drawn from the idle fable that the coffin containing Mahomet's body rests suspended in mid-air in his tomb at Medina. John Lewis Burckhardt (1784-1817) visited the enclosure in 1814 and found that the coffin is not suspended at all.

7. FLASK OF GOLDEN WATER. A reference to the Arabian Nights.

CHAPTER XVIII

1. EVER YOUNG ARCHER. This is, of course, Cupid, called by the Greeks, Eros, the God of Love. The son of Aphrodite (Venus of the Romans) but not by her husband, Cupid is represented as a playful mischievous boy equipped with bow, arrow, quiver, and is winged. His eyes are often covered so that he shoots blindly.

2. HORSEMONGER LANE. In Borough High Street. Renamed Union Road in 1865. It covers the site of the horsemonger land belonging to St. Thomas's Hospital and it seems possible that the name perpetuates a fair for horse-dealers. In the Middle Ages there was much traffic with post-horses and with cart- and coach-horses on this, the only approach from the south to London; moreover it is outside the city boundary.

3. MUMBO JUMBO. The native name of a bogie with which West Africans frightened their babies. Figuratively, any absurd object or subject of popular veneration. The futile "state" of the Dorrits is an excellent example of "miserable Mumbo-Jumbo."

4. HORSEMONGER LANE GAOL. This prison was built in 1798 in accordance with the recommendations of John Howard the Prison Reformer (1726-1790). Here in 1849 Dickens witnessed the public execution of the Mannings and thereafter indited a letter to "The Times" that contributed greatly to the abolition of this degrading spectacle.

5. LIFE-SIZE HIGHLANDER. The figure of a Highlander in full costume, fully coloured, holding a snuff-mull, as a tradesign for a tobacconists, appears to date back about three hundred years. After the 1745 Rebellion the kilt was forbidden and the following squib appeared: "The dapper wooden Highlanders who guard so heroically the doors of snuff shops intend to petition the Legislature in order that they may be excused from complying with the Act of Parliament with regard to their change of dress." (Larwood's "History of Sign Boards," 1866.)

6. TOLL-PLATE. The brass plate in front of the window of the toll-keeper's lodge on Southwark Bridge (see Chapter IX, Note 3). The toll was abolished in 1864.

7. HEIGHTH. A curious slip for Young John to make in the middle of so eloquent and well-phrased an appeal, although he seems to have reached a climax in "heighth" and thereafter falls into bathos.

8. HERE LIE THE MORTAL REMAINS. John's second draft epitaph enables the reader to fix the date of the story. From the first draft earlier in the chapter we know that he was to die in 1886, aged 83; therefore he was born in 1803. We also know that he was a year older than Little Dorrit, that is 23. He now anticipates an early death from a broken heart, and the date of the tale is corroborated from his epitaph—1826.

CHAPTER XIX

1. FLARING GAS-LIGHT. At the period of the story gas lighting had only been recently introduced. Pall Mall was lit experimentally in 1807; gas was in more general use by 1814 and the majority of the streets had gas between 1822 and 1827, the last of the oil-lamps (in Grosvenor Square) disappearing in favour of gas as late as 1842.

2. DAUGHTER WHO MINISTERED TO HER FATHER. This story is to be found in a tragedy "The Grecian Daughter" (1772) by Arthur Murphy (1727-1805). Euphrasia, wife of Phocion, visited in prison her father Evander the deposed king of Syraceuse, and, to quote from Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" where the tale is alluded to:

> "Youth offers to old age the food,
> The milk of his own gift . . . It is her sire
> To whom she renders back the debt of blood."
> (Book IV.)

(To be continued)

A NEW RUSSIAN BOOK ON DICKENS

By LYDIA EVSEYEVA

AN interesting discussion on Charles Dickens's life and work was held recently in the Moscow Library of Foreign Literature. Various editions of his books were exhibited in glass cases in the auditorium. Eugene Lann, Soviet critic and the author of several books gave a talk on his new biographical novel of Dickens. It is a fairly lengthy work, in which the author, making extensive use of documentary material, reminiscences and opinions of Dickens's contemporaries, has given a vivid and moving picture of his life.

It is Eugene Lann's opinion that critics have not shown in sufficiently high relief the social significance of Dickens's works. From his first appearance in the literary world, he was a defender of the oppressed, and protested against the social injustice, the soullessness and stagnation of the law. This last he criticises in *Pickwick Papers*. In *Oliver Twist* he exposes the law's treatment of poor children in unforgettable pictures. *Little Dorrit* is another instance of his mordant criticism, which is bolder and more unsparing than any of his contemporaries. As a herald of social justice and social reforms, he is especially dear to the Soviet reader.

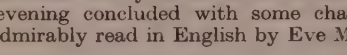
His outstanding importance from this aspect was pointed out by Nikolai Chernyshevsky, famous Russian critic and writer on social questions, in the diary he kept in the 1850's. He valued Dickens as a defender of the lower classes, who exposed falsehood and hypocrisy.

The English realist's popularity was firmly established in Russia before Cheryshevsky's day. Fragments from *Pickwick Papers* appeared in a Russian translation as early as 1838, and the first opinion of Russian critics on Dickens date from that time.

In an article on Russian literature in 1847, Vissarion Belinsky, the great Russian critic, gave enthusiastic appreciation to Dickens's works and stressed their social significance.

Since the days of Belinsky and Chernyshevsky, Dickens's popularity in Russia has grown. His books still appeal to the readers here, for their humanity and inimitable sparkling humour. Shortly before the 75th anniversary of his death, 40 Soviet libraries requested the State Literary Publishing House to issue a new edition of his works. In the period from 1894 to 1916, the total number of printings was 850,000; in Soviet times over 2,000,000 copies have come off the press; 430,000 copies of *Oliver Twist* and *Dombey and Son* were issued. At present the State Publishing House for Juvenile Literature is continuing the publication of his works; *Nicholas Nickleby* is being prepared; just before the war, *Oliver Twist*, *Little Dorrit*, *Dombey and Son* and *David Copperfield* came from this publishing house. This year *Our Mutual Friend* is expected from the State Literary Publishing House.

Eugene Lann's book gives a fascinating portrait of the same writer. The chapters read at the meeting in the Foreign Library reproduced some very touching episodes of his life. Scenes of his childhood, amusing or painful, pass before us: we see his own psychological suffering as a boy in a blacking factory; there is sadness about the concluding chapters of the novel, where the last few weeks of his life are represented as being spent in feverish, intense, creative activity. Keen interest was shown by the audience in these excerpts which were read. The evening concluded with some chapters from "Holiday Romance," admirably read in English by Eve Manning.



A NEW NOVEL FOR DICKENSIANS

THE Handsome Langleys " by Neil Bell (published by Eyre & Spottiswoode) is an interesting book to a Dickensian who is also interested in the early Victorians.

I am not thinking so much of the story, but of the background, so different from that of our own day, and of such events, with which it is much concerned, as the coming of the railways.

The topical events of that day alone would have carried one's mind back to Dickens. But there is much about him too—nothing that could not have been culled or deducted from material in the average Dickensian's library, nor does Dickens take any part in the story, but his books and doings are far more discussed than I remember to have been the case in any other novel.

The tale is chiefly centred around Euston, St. Pancras, Somers Town, and Fleet Street and begins in 1838, taking one right into the atmosphere of Dickens's early manhood.

The references to Dickens are quite casual—the production of another book, the appearance of the new three-halfpenny numbers, criticism, always favourable, the Readings and so on. There is only one unpleasant remark, anent the Readings, when John Tempest argues that despite ill-health Dickens must continue these on account of the money which he badly needed. " And the little Ternan must be expensive," he adds. It would be interesting to know if that was contemporary gossip. If not, surely it is a pity to invent it.

There is a great deal of general information about the Railways, the hub on which the story mainly turns. The author gives us quite a lot of contemporary happenings here, much of which one might expect but does not realise. He speaks of the people's fear of tunnels, of the dirt, the separation of the classes and smokers in time, the " Camden Eyesore " which dragged the train up the steep incline from Euston on its way north, the rush to invest in anything to do with railways, when office boys and charwomen made fortunes over night.

As one would expect, too, there is mention of the dying coach, the upstart hackneys, hansoms and Shillibeers, the " cads," overcrowding and competition, as well as of the abolition of the toll gates in London.

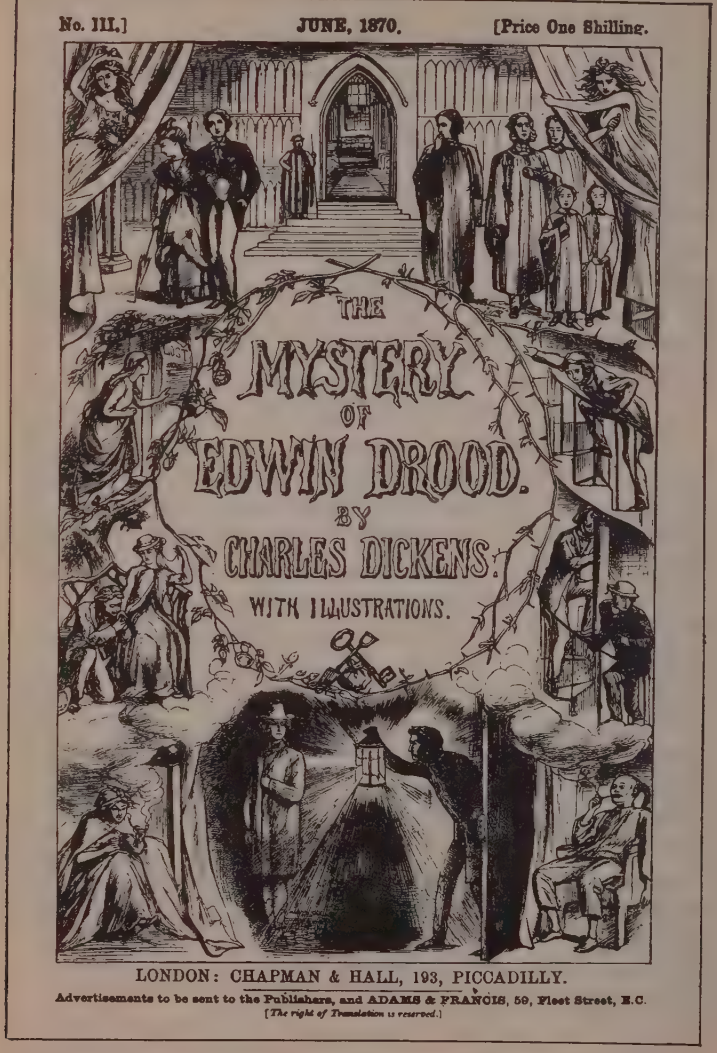
A good deal of information is given about wages, cost of everyday things and several instances of how the family budget is made up. Bob Cratchet's fifteen shillings a week would appear to be no pitiful exception for those days and one wonders the more at the munificent salary by comparison and still more at the pension which another clerk, Charles Lamb, enjoyed and yet seemed to value so slightly.

There is also an instance of a daily " char," a real " treasure " who works from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. for five shillings per week and food, and takes in washing besides. And thinking of mangling and " minders," there is some indication of the public and private attitude towards employment of children and a reminder that the House of Lords, bishops among them, refused to pass a bill that provided for the withdrawal of child labour from mines, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning is quoted on this subject.

We are given descriptions of two Christmasses, short but very much in the Dickens spirit, and one wishes for more.

In fact, one would like a chatty book from this author entirely on the Londoner in the early 1800's as a matter of history. I found myself referring to the few copies I have of such periodicals as " The Penny Magazine," which must have formed some of Neil Bell's sources of information, and realise what a store there is in our libraries for a student with that kind of mind—and plenty of time ! G. M.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD


No. III.] JUNE, 1870. [Price One Shilling.
THE
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BY
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.
LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
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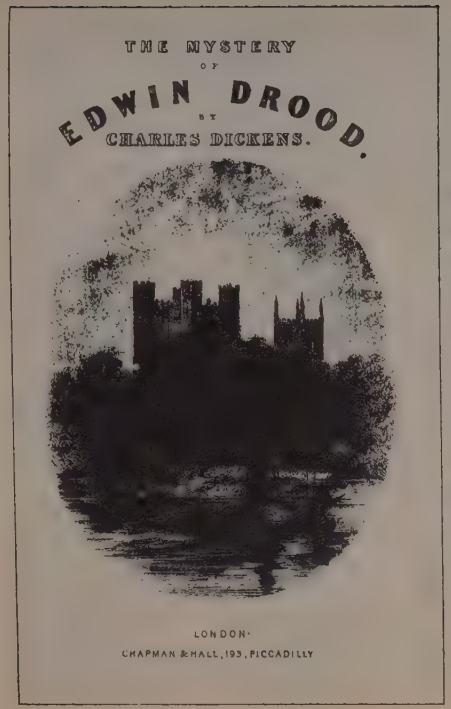

MANUSCRIPT. Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

First published in monthly parts commencing in April, 1870. The novel was intended to fill twelve numbers, but Dickens died on June 9th leaving three published and three in proof or M.S. The final number, the sixth, appeared in September.

Portrait with facsimile signature of the author and imprint: *Engraved by J. H. Baker from a photograph taken in* 1868 *by Mason & Co.* Vignette title page, title page (see accompanying illustrations), reverse: *London: Printed by William Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street, and Charing Cross*; one unnumbered page of explanation by the publishers, consisting of eleven lines and the date *12th August*, 1870, reverse blank, three pages of Contents, the first unnumbered, then VI, VII, on the reverse an unnumbered page of illustrations, pp. 190 and 12 illustrations. The same imprint appears on the last page as on reverse of the title page. The volume was bound in green cloth.

THE MYSTERY

OF

EDWIN DROOD.

BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. L. FILDES AND A PORTRAIT.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.
1870.
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A PROTEST

Dear Sir,

I cannot allow your contributor's article on "Nightcaps" on page 148 of the last issue, which I consider to be in the worst possible taste, discussing as it does such a delicate subject in public, to pass without recording my protest.

Being convinced of your impartiality I feel sure that you will be good enough to allow me space in your forthcoming number for the publication of my letter to defend my good name and that of the member of the gentle sex who, through an unfortunate misunderstanding, turned a perfectly innocent mistake into a regrettable incident at The Great White Horse Inn, Ipswich.

Your contributor has the audacity to suggest that the lady in question was actually expecting some unknown member of the opposite sex to visit her in her bedroom, a situation almost too appalling to contemplate. In the first place I refute such an accusation with the utmost indignation on behalf of the lady, and challenge this irresponsible writer to prove his libellous statement and to find any allusion in the text to the nightcap in question being found on either the bed or the chair. Does he not think it possible that the nightcap might have been carried in the pocket of my coat? Is it likely that I should have left such a personal item of apparel in my luggage? Or that I should have placed on my head an article of this sort which had been worn by some unknown person, much less a person of the low character and doubtful principles as he suggests. As for my difficulty in divesting myself of this embarrassing headgear in the presence of a lady, a situation which makes me grow hot even at the distance of more than a hundred years, I would remind him that it was entirely due to the string becoming knotted in my haste, as he will find on reference again to the text, and not to the fact that it was someone else's property, and did not fit me.

Finally I would express my firm opinion that your contributor is obviously a man of questionable principles, admitting as he does that he merely "smiles reminiscently" upon receiving a dun, apart from the fact that it is even necessary for him to receive such a regrettable reminder of his obligations, even though it is at ten shillings in the pound. My dear Sir, do, I entreat you, be careful whom you allow to contribute to your hitherto irreproachable magazine, or you will undoubtedly lose the support of such readers as myself.

Need I mention in conclusion that all my remarks are, as I trust are your contributor's, to be taken entirely in a Pickwickian sense.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

Dingley Dell. SAMUEL PICKWICK.

AND ANOTHER

Dear Sir,

In "Doctors in Dickens" in the Summer Number of *The Dickensian*, the author mentions the incident at Rochester between Dr. Slammer of the 79th Regiment and Mr. Jingle which nearly caused the duel between Slammer and Winkle. He describes the irascible Doctor rushing up to Jingle and demanding his card, "but Mr. Jingle has no card and is also intoxicated." This I claim to be a libel on Jingle, who is depicted by Mr. Dickens as holding his liquor well on all occasions. Note Jingle's unmoved and cool insolence which infuriates the Doctor as he is left in the hall watching Jingle and Tupman ascend the staircase. Then, again, see Jingle after the Muggleton cricket match and the return of the party to Manor Farm, all mildly tight except Jingle, who gravely agrees with the ladies at the shocking scene, being himself "about a bottle and a half ahead of any of his companions." No, Sir, Mr. Jingle could drink the Pickwickians under the table without turning a hair and never let it be said that he was intoxicated.

Yours, etc.,

L. J. C. RUTHERFORD, M.B.

Farnham, Surrey.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS R. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

THE DICKENS TEMPERAMENT

As an acknowledged influence on Dickens, I do not remember having heard Scott named—but there must have been something propitious to Dickens's temperament in the atmosphere Scott had left behind. Dickens's subjects are as superficially prosaic as Scott's are evidently poetic, but romantic energy is common to both . . .

The class from which Dickens sprang—the English shabby-genteel, holding tight to the fringe of respectability—had been up to now ignored by art and society. It was the pathetic product of an age ruled by commercial ideas of success, in which human values were crude and on the whole mean. England was still unwilling to cope with the bad conditions industrialism created. Can one wonder at Dickens's exaltation—call it sentimental—of the good heart ? Can one wonder at his tenderness for the devices of fancy by which under-dog people manage to live ? The sociological aspect of Dickens I have not got room to discuss here. But remember that he had first been thrust into, and had later explored by his own will, abysses of injustice and human waste. Though success met him early . . . he never ceased to feel what he had seen. The buoyancy of his spirits did not make him a less implacable moralist. He brought up his picturesque, persuasive, sometimes extravagant art against the well-fed callousness that comes largely from lack of imagination—and he did live to see some reforms. He chose to appeal to feeling rather than thought—he *was* violently sentimental : leave it at that. But defiantly, perhaps involuntarily, what an artist he was ! There is something superbly childish—I mean, unspoilt—about his imagination. He gives a child's value—a poor child's—to the enjoyment of sheer physical bliss—warm lit rooms, trustworthy faces, the roar of a fire, the succulence of a chop. At the same time, he keeps a child's apprehensiveness of the weird, the unknown, the unsubstantially threatening. He gives loneliness, sense of loss or sense of betrayal, all the frightful force they have for a child. Though he draws unconvincing or sugary pictures of " straight " love, he is first-rate at depicting the sinister attachment—such as Rosa Dartle's to Steerforth—also, in the depiction of hero worship. In fact, into all the love affairs in his books a queer adolescent strain of hero worship, or idealisation, enters on one or the other side. His linked senses of threat and of friendliness make him second to no other writer in penetrating the atmospheres of landscapes, houses and streets. And he is frightening in his sense of the power of all kinds of obsession and fantasy.

He was too much embroiled with his subject to be detached in his style. But his emotional vision sometimes produces the most mobile kind of English romantic prose. Read, for instance, the passage beginning " The waters are out in Lincolnshire . . . " in Chapter II of *Bleak House*. *Bleak House* seems to me the most impressive, *David Copperfield* the most august and tender, and *Great Expectations* the most original of Dickens's novels. But no name of a novel of his is unknown, and few of his novels, I think, remain unread. In him the English genius finds a wide course : he is as comprehensive as any writer we have. His zest and humour have been likened to Fielding's. But he has in common with Richardson his perception of the nervous, or dusky, side of the human make-up.—" Impressions of English Literature," edited by W. J. Turner. (The Chapter on " English Novelists," by Elizabeth Bowen.) (Collins.)

* * * * *

SHAKER COMMUNITIES

" Two or three years later when Charles Dickens visited the Shakers and asked to see a church service, his request was refused with the statement that no religious meeting was open to the public, and he departed with his desire unsatisfied, leaving as a record of his visit only the disapproving comment : ' We walked into a grim room where several grim hats were hanging on grim pegs, and the time was grimly told by a grim clock which uttered every tick with a kind of struggle, as if it broke the grim silence reluctantly,

and under protest.' The prohibition of all visitors extended from 1842 to 1845, but they were not again welcome for some time after that.

"In his *American Notes*, Dickens called attention to the independence and self-respect of the well-dressed, well-mannered working girls of Lowell. He mentioned the good working conditions, good boarding-houses provided with 'joint stock' pianos, the fewness of children in the factory, the factory library, and the newspaper entirely managed by the girls, whose own articles, poems, and stories appeared in its pages." —"Freedom's Ferment: American Social History to 1860," by Alice F. Tyler. (Univ. of Minnesota Press.)

* * * * *

CAROLINE FOX

"Some of her literary judgements are interesting. At the age of twenty-two she had a high appreciation of Dickens (who had then written only *Pickwick*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Oliver Twist* of his major works). 'I am exceedingly enjoying Boz's *Master Humphrey's Clock*, which is still in progress,' she wrote in 1841. 'That man is carrying out Carlyle's work more emphatically than any; he forces the sympathies of all into unwonted channels, and teaches that Punch and Judy men, beggar children and daft old men are also of our species, and are not, more than ourselves, removed from the sphere of the heroic. He is doing a world of good in a very healthy way.'" —"Caroline Fox," by Wilson Harris. (Constable.)

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NURSING

"Realising that eleemosynary institutions were in a bad way the poor laws were reformed in England in 1832, but even this left much to be desired, and when Dickens, Carlyle and others of their school revealed the social evils of their time they met with a ready response among their readers.

The social reformers of the early part of the century, then, were promoting ideas of philanthropic enterprises on the part of those who were privileged to be in a position where they could carry them out; the power of the organised lower classes was not prominent in the reforms which they suggested, though both Carlyle and Dickens were well aware of the powers of the French Revolution for they had both written books about it. ('The Rise of Socialism.')

". . . as the searching spirit of the 18th century began to inquire into social evils, nursing was examined with the rest of them. Hogarth's cartoons and later, Dickens's description of Sarah Gamp, were caricatures which had their effect.

"The 'Mrs. Gamp' of English life does not seem to have been quite so prevalent in early American days."—"A History of Nursing," by D. M. Jenson. (Kimpton.)

* * * * *

FLOWERS

"[Little Nell] loitered from grave to grave, now stopping to replace with careful hands the bramble which had started from some green mound it helped to keep in place.'

"The bramble was once used to bind down graves, to keep the grass in shape and protect it from browsing animals. The custom is mentioned several times in literature.

"'The prospect of finding anybody out in anything would have kept Miss Miggs awake under the influence of henbane.'"

"The tincture prepared from the henbane should be used only from a doctor's prescription, and then it is a useful and potent hypnotic or sedative.

"Flowers in Britain," by L. J. F. Brimble. (Macmillan.)

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NONCONFORMISTS

"Nonconformists are seldom flattered on the few occasions when they appear in Victorian literature. Dickens, in the character of Stiggins, the odious 'deputy shepherd' in the *Pickwick Papers*, and Chadband, the eloquent but unpleasant humbug in *Bleak House*, satirized hypocrisy and priggishness, putting them in Nonconformist attire. Besides these portraits we may place his description of a chapel: 'It is not badly named in one respect, being in truth a particularly little Bethel, a Bethel of the smallest

dimensions—with a small number of small pews, and a small pulpit, in which a small gentleman (by trade a shoemaker, and by calling a Divine) was delivering in by no means a small voice, a by no means small sermon, judging of its dimensions by the condition of his audience, which if their gross amount were but small comprised a still smaller number of hearers, as the majority were slumbering.'

"The scornful references in the pages of Dickens may be better appreciated when it is recalled that in 1840 the Methodist Conference ordered two candidates for the ministry to forswear their teetotal convictions or else to withdraw."—"The Free Church Tradition in the Life of England," by E. A. Payne. (S.C.M. Press.)

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DICKENS'S SIGNATURE

"It was permissible, I suppose, for Charles Dickens to write his name so that it looked to me, as a child, like *Friarleobrene* with a curleycue on the end, but less well-known people are surely not entitled to such swank."—"Night and Day," by J. W. Drawbell. (Hutchinson.)

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EXTRAVAGANCE

"Among the characteristics of a living art is its capacity for extravagance; that is to say, not only its ability to produce lavishly at a great many levels of taste, but also its readiness to be generous, to throw off just for the fun of it the unnecessary incident or decoration. Three-quarters of the magnificent humane creation of Dickens, for instance, lives not in his central characters or plot, but in the exuberant embroideries which almost obscure the main movement, in the Veneerings and Smallweeds and Barkises and Turveydrops and Jellybys. Nobody with any feeling for the cinema would question its capacity for extravagance in the first sense. For extravagance in the second sense the evidence is weaker. The average fiction film, struggling to fit a novel or its equivalent into ninety minutes or so, has no time for anything not strictly necessary to the plot—or thinks it hasn't anyway. As a result, the creations of the cinema are apt to lack the broad feeling of humanity; to lack, I suppose one might say, human texture."—"Films of the Week," by Dilys Powell. ("The Sunday Times," April 22nd, 1945.)

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CAREERS FOR WOMEN

"New careers opened up for women. In England, by 1900, there were some forty thousand nurses and forty-five thousand women schoolteachers. A still greater opening occurred for women stenographers and secretaries. There must have been none of them before 1870, or else Dickens, who died that year, would have introduced us to one."—C. J. H. Hayes, "A Generation of Materialism, 1871-1900." (Harper.)

* * * * *

MONTREAL

"Charles Dickens et sa femme logèrent durant leur visite, chez Rasco, le plus luxureux hôtel du temps, singulièrement devenu un entrepôt de nos jours. Sur cet immeuble, sis côté nord de la rue Saint-Paul, à l'est de la place Jacques-Cartier, se voient encore, en grosses lettres soulevées, les mots *Rasco's Hotel*. On assure que des sociétés littéraires vont célébrer le centenaire du passage de Charles Dickens à Montréal."—"Le premier Théâtre Royal à Montréal," by E. Z. Massicotte. (Le Bulletin des Recherches Historiques, Quebec, Vol. 48, p. 172.)

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THE THEATRE

"One might suppose that allegorical figures would lack human character, but they were never mere abstractions. Idleness, Avarice, Sloth, Conscience, and Wisdom were all recognizable people in the life of the time, and the practice of using a significant name to indicate character had lasted for centuries. Sheridan introduced Sneerwell, Backbite, Surface, Crabtree and Candour, in his eighteenth century comedies, just as later, in fiction, Thackeray gave a hint in his schoolmaster, Dr. Swishtail, and in his adventuress, Becky

Sharp ; while Dickens followed the same example in Lord Frederick Verisopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk.

Stevenson understood men, but failed when he attempted to describe women ; Meredith was wonderful when he described women, but his men are less impressive. Dickens could depict a vulgar female like Mrs. Squeers or Mrs. Gamp, but when he tried to give us a heroine he created colourless creatures like Little Nell, Little Dorrit, Florence Dombey, and Agnes Wickfield."—" The Theatre," by J. W. Marriott. New Ed. (Harrap.)

* * * * *

DAN LENO

" Dan Leno, humble and unspoilt, was no less of a personality [than Chaliapin] after his own fashion. His range was limited to certain parts, but within the bounds of these he showed true genius. And I like now to think that I comprehended at an early age a little, at any rate, of that peculiar gift which had won for him, when he was a boy, the astonished admiration of Charles Dickens, himself the chronicler of the celebrated Grimaldi, and an author for whose works I cherish feelings of such affection and reverence . . . Yet Dickens's keen and swift judgement of him comes as no surprise, for to anyone who saw Dan Leno it must be plain that, although of Irish extraction, he, in the same manner as Dickens himself, though in a different medium, was essentially a poet of London."—" Left hand, right hand," an autogiography by Osbert Sitwell. Vol. I. (Macmillan.)

* * * * *

" Little Dan Leno had travelled far since that day in Belfast, where Dickens was lecturing and the child Leno dancing. The great author had found time to see the dancing, and patting the infant on the head after his performance, said, ' Good little man. You'll make headway.'

" . . . Charles Fechter, the Fechter who had drawn all London to the Princess's with his ' Ruy Blas ' and ' Hamlet.' Fechter was the actor admired by Charles Dickens, so, when he produced ' The Duke's Motto ' at the Lyceum, Dickens and his friends flocked to the theatre to see their favourite act and make love to the fascinating Kate Terry, the eldest of the brilliant Terry sisters."

" The great Evangelical question is with reference to the opening of public exhibitions such as the British Museum, National Gallery, and Crystal Palace on Sundays. Dickens's new work [*Little Dorrit*] (the first number of which had a circulation of 35,000) is written in favour of the opening, and he puts forward in a very ingenious manner (though under a cloak) the advantages arising from such a step. Dickens is a moralist, but nothing else." [Letter of ' J. H. Brodribb ' (Henry Irving) to Mrs. Wilkins, a friend of his parents, Feb. 17, 1856.]—" The Days We Knew," by J. B. Booth. (Werner Laurie.)

THE WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL FUND

Five Pounds.—Chicago Branch.
Three Guineas.—Mr. John Leech.
Two Pounds Two Shillings and Sixpence.—Hatfield Branch.
Two Guineas.—Auckland Branch.
One Pound Fifteen Shillings.—Christchurch Branch.
One Pound Four Shillings and Tenpence.—Madison Branch.
One Guinea.—New Realm Film Co.
One Pound.—Miss C. A. Jacobsen.
Twelve Shillings and Sixpence.—Mr. Parkinson.
Ten Shillings.—Mrs. Robertson.

TOTAL TO DATE, £352 14*s.* 2*d.*

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

BLACKPOOL BRANCH

An attendance of at least 75 per cent. of our membership at all meetings has been enjoyed during the past session. All items on our syllabus were contributed by our own members, with the exception of two. We have had a Brains Trust, a Fellowship Forum (and against 'em), a Bring and Buy Sale, from the proceeds of which we were enabled to give packets of money at Christmas to a number of needy souls. We have also had a monthly "Bleak House Round Table," at which we have read and fully discussed the book of the year, taking a few chapters each time we have met, so that we got a real understanding of the book. A Knitting Circle meets regularly to work for the merchant seamen of Fleetwood, keeping them very well supplied with warm clothing, etc. Our President for the coming session is Mrs. Brammer; Vice-President: Mr. Piper; Hon. Treasurer: Mrs. Graystock; Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Shaw, and we hope to have as good a session, or a better, for we are trying to resume evening meetings when more people are available. Our book for study, the choice of Conference, is *Little Dorrit*.

S. S.

CHELTENHAM BRANCH

The Session which ended in April has been a very successful one, and the meetings well attended.

Excellent papers on Dickensian subjects were contributed by Councillor H. O. Barnett, Messrs. A. G. Dye, E. C. Walsh, B.A., and the Rev. E. Hanson.

Mr. E. C. Beasley, Hon. Treasurer, delighted an audience with his lantern slides of David Copperfield. Through various social activities the Branch has been able to contribute to many societies needing help—and the usual £13 to the Dickens Cot in the Children's Hospital. The Birthday Meeting held in February took the form of a Whist Drive and Tea.

At the Annual Meeting Mr. A. G. Dye was unanimously elected President for the new Session, 1945-46.

C. D.

HATFIELD BRANCH

As soon as plans for the season had been completed our meeting place was destroyed by a flying bomb. We were able to carry on, however, despite widespread damage among the homes of our members. Our programme was centred around the Book of the Year, *Bleak House*, which is of considerable local interest and we had more than one lively discussion concerning the site of Bleak House, much of it based on controversy in the local press.

Two of our number—the Chairman (Mr. W. Day) and Mr. S. Hankin gave us talks which were greatly enjoyed. The former dealt with "Dickens in Herts" and Mr. Hankin with "Hatfield of the Past."

Members were unanimous in their praise of the broadcast version of *Bleak House* and all felt it was of real help to them in understanding and enjoying it.

Our membership has remained between 30-40 throughout the war years but we hope that when we have once more a public meeting place we shall be able to report progress.

W. B.

NOTTINGHAM BRANCH

Our 1944-45 Session closed on June 30th last and comprehended 20 gatherings which were held on Saturday afternoons from 3 to 6 o'clock at our extremely comfortable Headquarters, the Mikado Café, and throughout there was a most encouraging attendance of members. The majority of our meetings were devoted to Dramatic Readings from *David Copperfield*, the book having been mapped out in panels of chapters so as to cover the whole volume. Each reading was arranged by a different "Leader," who read the narratives and who allotted the character parts, which were rendered by various members according to the requirements of each chapter. Tea was indulged in about 4-30 and of course a convivial chat, thus making an exceedingly pleasant break in the programme. Other amenities were arranged during the Session such as Birthday Party, Socials with Sketches, Games and Dancing, etc., altogether very delightful times have been spent.

The Annual Meeting disclosed our finances in a healthy state and our membership as being well maintained, while the predominating keynote was one of deep thankfulness for the privilege we had enjoyed of being able to preserve the continuity of our Branch Meetings during the dark days of the war and for the culmination of all our dearest hopes of a full and final victory over our enemies, and prospects of peace.

Difficulties engendered by the war have considerably curtailed our activities and efforts to carry out our cherished ideal of devoting annual sums to philanthropic and charitable causes, but still we are glad to record that we have been able by various ways and means to contribute to local Women's Hospital, Children's Hospital, Red Cross Fund and we are now contemplating the production of Dramatic Plays from Dickens's works. Our arrangements for the forthcoming season are well in hand and we are looking forward to a successful issue.

J. C.

TEWKESBURY BRANCH

THE 1944-45 session was one of the most successful of recent years, the average attendance at meetings being some 75 members.

The book for the season, *David Copperfield*, was introduced at the first meeting by the President, Mrs. Crossman. The November meeting fell on the 25th Anniversary of the foundation of the Branch. It is notable that seven of the original Dickensians were present. By way of celebration the entertainment at the Birthday Dinner and the Annual Party was more lavish than has been the case in other war years.

The local Branch gave valuable assistance to the Mayor's Welcome Home Fund and also entertained the old people at the Public Institution to tea followed by a concert.

During the year papers were read by Mr. R. A. Newman and Mr. B. C. Grey. At one meeting the young members, one was 12 years old, joined forces and read in groups eight selected portions of the book. The selections were linked by notes given by the President.

At the last meeting the new committee was elected and the Rev. S. Hodges installed as the next President.

G. R.

OBITUARY

The death of Mrs. Grace Milnor Hawkins of Palos Verdes Estates, California, was a great loss to the Palos Verdes Branch of the Dickens Fellowship.

Mrs. Hawkins was not only the founder and first President of the Palos Verdes Branch, but was, prior to coming to California, the founder and first President of the Madison, Wisconsin, Branch.

She was a devoted Dickens scholar, also an artist of international note. One of her lovely pictures of the California coast was purchased by the Palos Verdes Branch and placed in the local school as a memorial to her, for, like Dickens, she was deeply interested in children and all that pertained to their welfare.

Her enthusiasm, her knowledge of Dickens, her keen sense of humour are all qualities held in loving memory by her fellow Dickensians.

G. N. H.

We also regret to announce the death of Miss A. Tate, of Headquarters, and Mrs. Ernest A. Towell, of Cheltenham.

BRANCH OFFICERS

THE thanks of members are due to Mr. Geo. Pearson and Mrs. G. N. Holloway, the retiring Hon. Secretaries of the Southend and Palos Verdes Branches respectively, and their congratulations to their successors, Mr. B. C. E. Osman and Mrs. Ellen Kahler.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP.

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1944.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Sundry Creditors		78 4 0
Life Membership Fund—		
As at 31st December, 1942	367 10 0	
Subscriptions received—1943 and 1944	110 5 0	
		477 15 0
Special Reserve		808 7 6
Costume Department—		
Balance as at 31st December, 1942	179 2 6	
Deposit Interest—1943 and 1944	1 16 0	
		180 18 6
Advertising Fund	75 2 10	
Dramatic Section	3 14 3	
Collectors Circle	14 5	
War Comforts Fund—		
As at 31st December, 1942 £12 8 3		
Add Donations received 1943 and 1944 8 19 0		
Transfer from Charitable Purposes Account 14 1 10		
35 9 1		
Deduct Expenditure, 1943 and 1944 24 19 0		
	10 10 1	
		90 1 7
Walter Dexter Memorial Fund—		
Donations		263 10 4
Unexpended Balance of Receipts for Charitable Purposes		50 2 0
Income and Expenditure Account—		
Balance as at 31st December, 1942	108 12 5	
Excess of Income over Expenditure for 1943 and 1944	89 9 1	
Profit on *The Dickensian*, 1943 and 1944 £101 18 11		
Less Provision for Income Tax thereon 51 0 0		
	50 18 11	
		249 0 5
		£2197 19 4

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Life Membership Fund Investment, at cost—		
£466 2*s.* 7*d.* 4% Consolidated Stock (Market Value, 31st December, 1944, £512 14*s.* 10*d.*)		477 14 9
Investment of Special Donation, at cost—		
£118 5*s.* 10*d.* 4% Consolidated Stock (Market Value, 31st December, 1944, £130 2*s.* 5*d.*)		105 0 0
Library, Pictures and Furniture (including items loaned to Dickens House Museum and Library)—		
As at 31st December, 1942	40 4 9	
Less Depreciation at 10% per annum (2 years)	7 12 11	
		32 11 10
The Tyrrell Collection of Photographic Negatives, at cost		75 0 0
The Dickens House—		
Loan Account	550 0 0	
Add Interest accrued thereon, 2 years	20 0 0	
	570 0 0	
Deduct Current Account	9 2 0	
		560 18 0
The Dickensian—		
Loan Account	38 4 2	
Current Account	97 11 2	
		135 15 4
Rates paid in advance		6 8 3
Balances at Bank—		
General Account	618 0 9	
Costume Account	180 2 3	
Costume Account, Interest accrued	0 18 2	
		799 1 2
Cash in hands of Hon. Secretary—		
General Account	5 11 11	
Less Costume Account overdrawn	0 1 11	
		5 10 0
		£2197 19 4

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith. We have also verified the Investments.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.
11*th June*, 1945.

(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY,
Chartered Accountants,
Hon. Auditors.

THE DICKENS

Dr. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR

EXPENDITURE.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating) and Rates	181 11 3	
,, Bedford Office Expenses	52 0 0	
,, Honorarium to Assistant Secretary and Income Tax thereon	£137 16 0	
Less Contribution by the Dickens House	68 18 0	
	68 18 0	
,, Printing and Stationery	23 18 5	
,, General Expenses and Postages	84 18 6	
	411 6 2	
Less Amount charged to *The Dickensian*	125 14 3	
		285 11 11
,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Headquarters Members	113 12 6	
,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Branch Secretaries	20 13 3	
		134 5 9
,, Meetings	12 17 0	
,, Excess of Payments over Receipts in respect of Special Functions	1 13 6	
		14 10 6
,, Transfer to Charitable Purposes Account		32 7 0
,, Depreciation of Library, Pictures and Furniture, 1943 and 1944		7 12 11
,, Income Tax, 1943-44 and 1944-45 Proportion accrued due at 31st December, 1944— On Interest received gross		14 10 0
,, Balance being Excess of Income over Expenditure carried to Balance Sheet		89 9 1
		£578 7 2

CHARITABLE PURPOSES ACCOUNT FOR

PAYMENTS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Relief of Children and Others, especially those suffering from the effects of enemy action (including carriage on parcels received from Vancouver and Philadelphia)		313 13 10
Cratchit Shelter Fund— Relief of Children as above		24 17 1
Donations to Cot Fund	31 10 0	
Sundry Donations	11 15 10	
Amount transferred to War Comforts Fund	14 1 10	
		57 7 8
Balance at 31st December, 1944— Unexpended Balances of Special Donations for Children, etc.	37 15 3	
Cratchit Shelter Fund	12 6 9	
		50 2 0
		£446 0 7

FELLOWSHIP

THE TWO YEARS ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1944. Cr.

INCOME.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Subscriptions—		
Headquarters Members	367 9 5	
Branches	161 18 11	
Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund, less Tax	14 11 0	
Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund, gross	2 2 4	
		546 1 8
„ Interest on Loan to Dickens House, gross		20 0 0
„ Donations		8 5 6
„ Refund of Income Tax, 1942-43		4 0 0
		£578 7 2

THE TWO YEARS ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1944.

RECEIPTS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Balance at 1st January, 1943—		
Unexpended balances of—		
Special Donations for Children	11 14 7	
Cratchit Shelter Fund	22 9 6	
General Donations	10 11 8	
		44 15 9
Special Donations for bombed or needy Children, etc.—		
Vancouver Branch	175 0 0	
Toronto Branch	117 12 6	
Toronto Boz Club	25 0 0	
Winnipeg Branch	16 0 0	
Sundry Donations	6 2 0	
		339 14 6
Cratchit Shelter Fund Donations		14 14 4
General Donations—		
Sir George Sutton Estate		5 0 0
Interest on Investment of Special Donation (gross)		9 9 0
Transfer from Income and Expenditure Account		32 7 0
		£446 0 7

THE DICKENS HOUSE

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1944.

LIABILITIES	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mortgage on No. 49 Doughty Street	600 0 0	
Interest accrued thereon	7 10 0	
		607 10 0
The Dickens Fellowship—		
Loan	550 0 0	
Interest accrued thereon—2 years	20 0 0	
	570 0 0	
Less Current Account	9 2 0	
		560 18 0
Sundry Creditors		42 7 3
Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift		102 19 9
Provision for Contributions payable under War Damage Act, Part I		
As at 31st December, 1942	66 9 0	
Less Instalments due 1st July, 1943 and 1944	44 6 0	
		22 3 0
Balance—		
As at 31st December, 1942	4987 5 10	
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for the two years 1943 and 1944	128 8 10	
		5115 14 8
		£6451 12 8

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Freehold Property		
Nos. 48 and 49 Doughty Street, at cost		5108 5 2
Furniture and Fittings, at cost, less depreciation—		
As at 31st December, 1942	247 8 10	
Less Depreciation 1943 and 1944	24 2 6	
		223 6 4
Library and Museum, at cost		138 12 2
Stock of Pictures, Postcards, China, etc.—		
As at 31st December, 1942	37 5 9	
Less Sales 1943 and 1944	1 13 3	
	35 12 6	
Less Amount written off	9 0 10	
(As certified by the Hon. Secretary)		26 11 8
Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment—		
£188 5*s.* 9*d.* 2½% Consolidated Stock, at cost		102 19 9
(Held by the Official Trustees of Charitable Funds) (Market Value, 31st December, 1944, £153 9*s.* 1*d.*)		
Post Office Savings Bank Deposit		646 2 10
Sundry Debtors and Payments in advance	37 18 11	
The Dickensian	70 0 0	
		107 18 11
Cash at Bank and in Hand		97 15 10
		£6451 12 8

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens House and certify it to be in accordance therewith. We have also verified the Investments.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.
11*th June*, 1945.

(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY,
Chartered Accountants,
Hon. Auditors.